



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

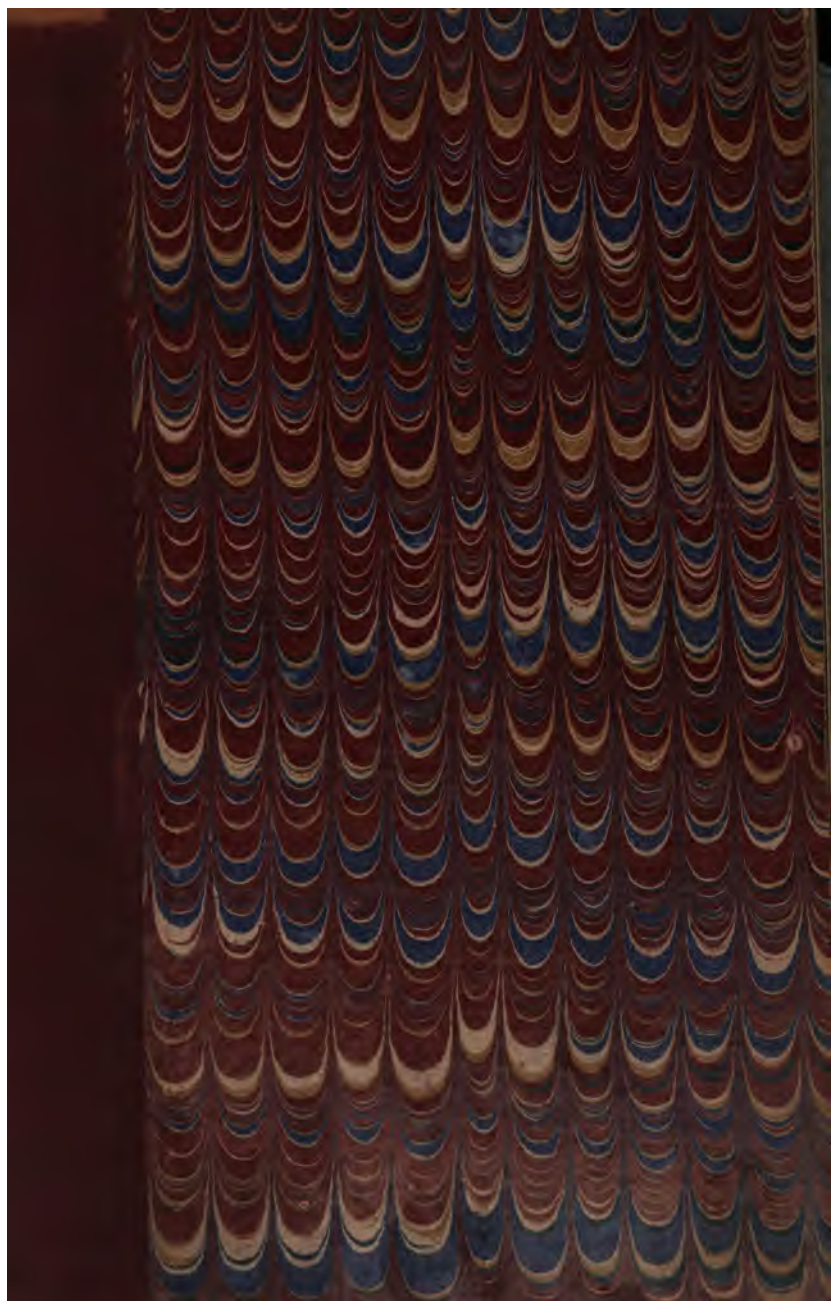
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

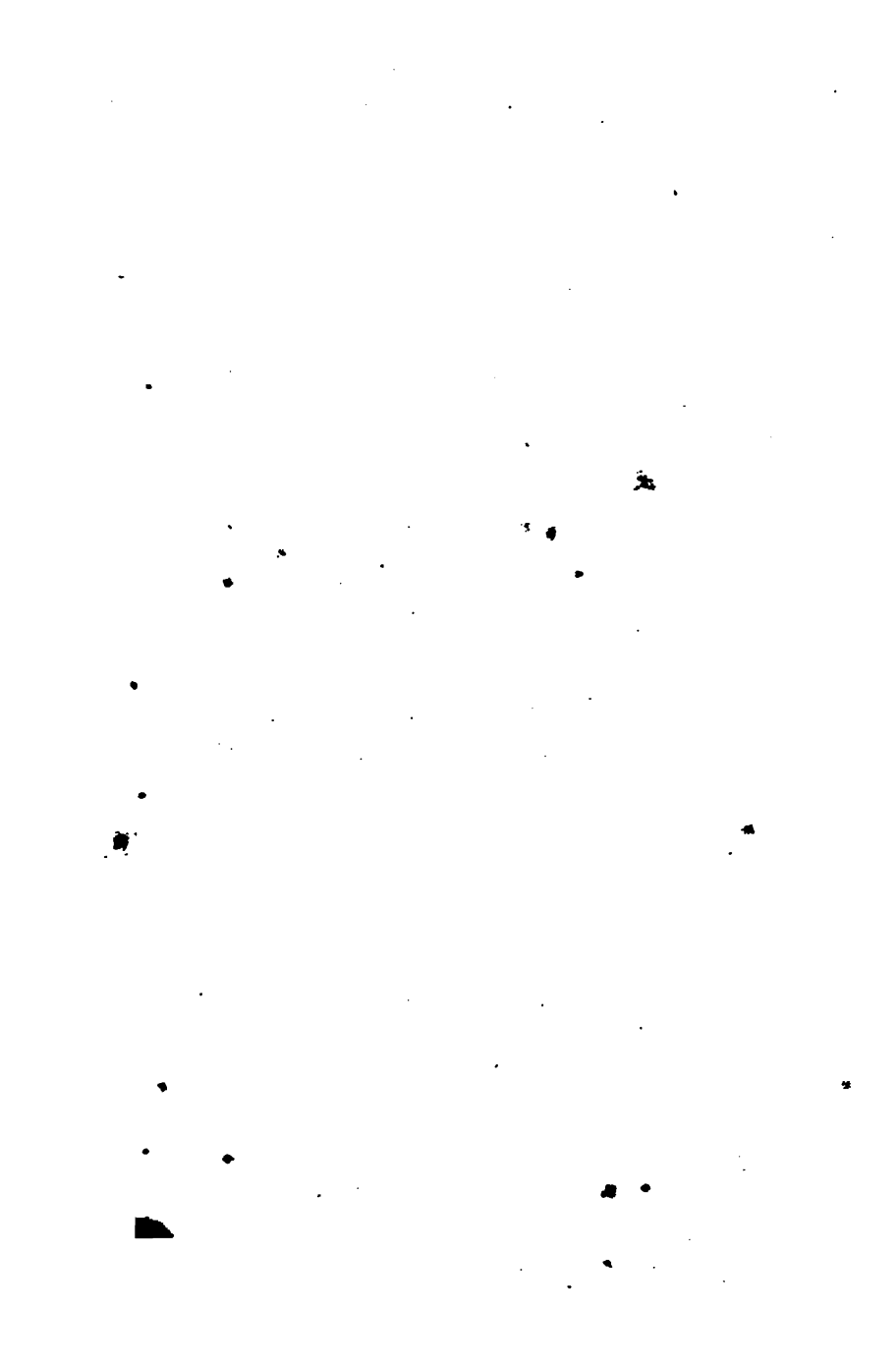




3458S







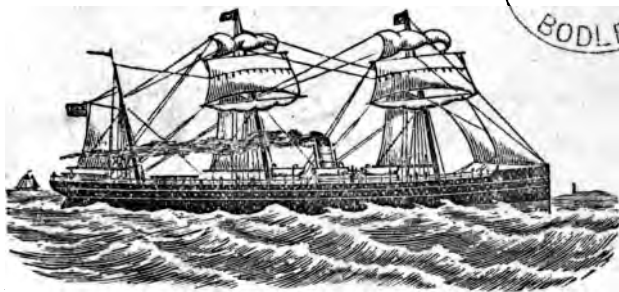
# A TOUR THROUGH CANADA

AND THE

## UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

CONTAINING MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION TO  
INTENDING EMIGRANTS AND OTHERS.

BY  
J. B. LOUDON.



COVENTRY:  
CURTIS AND BEAMISH, PRINTERS, 50, HERTFORD STREET.

—  
1879.

202 201

At the request of a numerous circle of friends I have consented to re-produce, in the form of a small volume, my letters, written while making a tour through Canada and the United States of America, and which appeared at the time, in a condensed form, in one of our local newspapers.

Although it gives a truthful account of my travels and experiences, I am conscious that it also contains not a few literary inaccuracies, which I sincerely hope my readers will excuse, as I make no pretensions whatever to literature, but write it in my usual plain, homely, style.

Coventry,

April 10th, 1879.

# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
CHAPTER I. CROSSING THE ATLANTIC ... ..	5
„ II. A VISIT TO QUEBEC AND MONTREAL ... ..	17
„ III. NEW YORK AND THE SCENERY ON THE HUDSON RIVER ... ..	26
„ IV. A VISIT TO CANADA WEST ... ..	44
„ V. DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE ... ..	57
„ VI. CHICAGO AND THE BANKS OF THE FOX RIVER ...	66
„ VII. LIFE AND SCENERY ON THE WESTERN PRAIRIES...	78
„ VIII. A VISIT TO OTTAWA, AND THE SCENERY ON THE OTTAWA RIVER .. ...	103
„ IX. A VISIT TO THE IROQUOIS INDIANS OF CAUGHNA- WAGA, ON THE BANKS OF LAKE ST. LOUIS ...	112
„ X. CANADA ... ..	121





## CHAPTER I.

---

### CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

I LEFT Coventry, for Liverpool, bound for America, upon the Eighth of May, Eighteen Hundred and Seventy Eight. The weather, which had been for some weeks quite delightful changed that morning to rain, which, unfortunately, continued to pour down all day long, making everything and everybody quite miserable.

Thursday, 9th.—Rain still pouring down, but by 12 o'clock the sun breaks through and there is every appearance of fine weather. This being the day for sailing, I make my way for the landing-stage, get on board the tender, and very soon find myself on the deck of the s.s. "Sardinian," belonging to the Allan Line of steamers, and which is certainly one of the finest ships and one of the most comfortable I ever sailed in. She seems to be crowded with emigrants from Germany and Scotland; very few from England. Her steerage passengers number about three or four hundred, and about sixty cabin. Miss McPhearson is on board, and about fifty boys and girls from the Spitalfields Refuge, London. They are

principally made up of what are called "gutter" children. They must have been well seen to since they were taken from their filthy homes, as they look the picture of health and happiness. About 3.30 all is in readiness for sailing. The tender is about to return. The bell has rung, giving notice to the friends of the passengers, who have come out to have a few parting words, that it is time to return. I witness many sorrowful partings, which, however, are of short duration, as the tender is soon off, and almost immediately our anchor is weighed, and we bid farewell to England for the present. As the weather is still fine the sail along the coast is delightful. I amuse myself all the afternoon pacing the deck, and occasionally mix with the various groups of steerage passengers; but being unable to speak the German language I make but small progress amongst them. Towards evening most of the passengers have completed their domestic arrangements for the voyage, and are nearly all assembled on deck. The scene is to me one of great interest. Most of the cabin passengers are walking about enjoying the sail. Near the funnel I observe Miss McPhearson sitting down on the deck with the children all round her, each with a hymn book in its hand. Miss McPhearson is giving out the hymns, which are sung by the children very nicely. A little to the rear of the funnel another group is being entertained with some very stirring comic songs from a half-drunken English

emigrant. Near to them are a few young men and women singing Sankey and Moody's hymns, their voices all blending very nicely together. I then stroll to the extreme end of the vessel, where I observe a very large assemblage of German lads and lasses; they have made a ring and are going in for their native dances, to the music of a flutina, which is being played by one of themselves with a great deal of skill and clearness. By this time the shades of evening come upon us, when we retire to spend our first night at sea.

May 10th.—Up soon after daylight, and find we are sailing near the Irish coast, which, in the distance, does not seem very pretty. A gentleman tells me it looks much better when sailing nearer the shore, so that in this case distance does *not* "lend enchantment to the view." By six o'clock we are sailing very close to the Irish shore, and will soon be in Loch Foyle. The view of the Irish coast from this shorter distance is very fine, proving the truth of the remark made to me by my friend, that Ireland improves in appearance the nearer you get to it. Arriving in Lough Foyle we cast anchor about a mile and a half from Moville. Here we have to wait until 4 o'clock in the afternoon for the arrival of the Mail bags from Londonderry. Many of the passengers go on shore in small boats to pass a few hours in Ireland. They all return much pleased with their visit; many of the ladies have brought back large bunches of wild flowers. I feel some

regret at not having gone with them, but I have such a horror of sailing in small boats that I prefer passing my time on board the steamer. Shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon the ship's crew are engaged completing their arrangements to avoid delay in putting out to sea, after the arrival of the tender with the mail bags. The hatches are being removed for the purpose of getting the luggage into the hold; I and a few more cabin passengers are pacing the deck, wiling away the time the best way we can. About this time a sailor went down to the coal bunk, amidships, with what is known as a cargo lamp in his hand. After he got down a few steps of the ladder a terrific explosion of gas, which had generated in the coal bunk, occurs. The report caused by the explosion resembles the firing of a large cannon; it blows up a considerable portion of the deck, killing at the same time the unfortunate sailor who had so incautiously used the lamp, hurling his body a considerable distance from the mouth of the hatch. A number of the passengers who happened to be on deck at the time, are thrown with great violence to different parts of the ship. I stood, at the moment of the explosion, by the side of the smoking cabin, and although I felt the shock it was but slightly, as I was about thirty yards from the spot. But as I was looking in the direction of that part of the ship where the accident occurred, I saw it very distinctly. A dense volume of smoke hung over the deck, and all

kinds of debris went right up in the air as high as the top masts of the vessel. I saw up in the air what looked like a very large chest, also numerous pieces of broken timber. The bulkheads were forced from their places and smashed, and doors were wrenched from their hinges. But at this time the worst has not been ascertained. The hurricane deck having been shattered and the passages blocked up, communication for the time is cut off from the passengers in the fore-castle, and no idea can be formed of the number of killed and wounded. Everything for the moment is a scene of the uttermost confusion. My first impression is that one of the ship's boilers has burst. Through the praiseworthy efforts of the captain and his officers comparative order is restored ; which, however, does not last very long, as after the emigrants are reached the scene is painful in the extreme. It is then discovered that a large number of persons are wounded ; some of them having fractured legs, others being badly burnt, while many are severely cut about the head and face. In one case the head was blown off a child while the mother held it in her arms. The vessel is now discovered to be on fire, and great efforts have to be made to remove the wounded and others from that part of the ship which is burning. The excitement is now intense, although in the midst of it all the captain's orders are given to his officers and men, and by them carried out as coolly as if nothing had

been the matter. A scene follows which almost baffles description. There are men searching for their wives, and women for their husbands. The mutual recognition of relatives is often most painful, inasmuch as when the discovery is made it is found that they are in great pain from wounds and burns, while also no small difficulty is experienced in recognising friends, owing to the general blackness of one another's faces, caused by the explosion. Altogether, there are about forty more or less badly hurt, and seven or eight killed. The captain now finds it impossible to extinguish the fire; and to make matters worse it is reported that there is a large quantity of oil on board, in close proximity to the flames. The captain orders all the ship's boats to be lowered, which is done, and soon after a little steamer reaches us from Londonderry, when preparations are at once made for getting away a number of the passengers. I run down to my cabin and bring away as much of my luggage as I can conveniently carry, and am fortunate in getting away with the first batch of passengers, and safely landing at Moville, North of Ireland. On arriving at Moville a telegram is sent to Londonderry for help. As soon as possible a tug boat is sent from Londonderry to help in getting away the passengers from the burning ship, and as soon as the captain sees the last passenger safely away, and having by this time given up all hopes of saving his ship, he runs her quite close to

the shore, where she is scuttled and sunk in five fathoms of water. When we get to Moville we find the little town turned out *en masse* all along the shore, eager to render us all the assistance they can. Our first attention is to find accommodation for the wounded, as we have a good many with us. This we ultimately succeeded in doing, but many of them have to be afterwards removed to the Londonderry Hospital. I remain for the night at Moville, and join the other passengers at Londonderry the following day.

Saturday, 12th.—Everything was done by Messrs. Allan's agents at Londonderry to find comfortable lodgings for all the passengers. Much credit is also due to the Mayor of Londonderry, who exerted himself to his very utmost in helping the passengers in every way he could. I was lodged at Dury's Hotel, where a small committee was formed for the purpose of obtaining immediate relief for the steerage passengers, nearly all of whom had to leave the ship with no more clothing than they stood in; and as the vessel had to be scuttled and sunk, no hope was entertained of securing it, as we had to sail on Monday morning, 13th May. Under these circumstances we addressed a letter of appeal to the Minister of every congregation in Londonderry, and the result was far beyond our most sanguine expectations; for from six o'clock on Monday morning until eleven o'clock (our time for sailing) old clothes of every



description poured in upon us faster than we could give them out. I helped for three hours myself to rig out the poor people, and we had more clothing left than when we began. We loaded a railway dray with thirty-one bags of clothing, which we had taken on board the "Peruvian" and distributed, so that the people of Londonderry aided both promptly and with wonderful liberality. A good many small sums of money were also sent to us, amounting to about £35. A rather amusing incident occurred during my stay in Londonderry. A great quantity of the passengers' luggage having been landed at Londonderry, opportunity was given to the passengers to look over it, so that they might take possession of any they might find belonging to them. I found some of mine, and then enquired from the constable in charge if he had seen anything of a short rifle, as I had lost one. "Yes," he said, "it is in the hands of the Constabulary, at the principal Police Station." Thinking they were very kind for taking such care of it, I went immediately to claim it, but to my surprise I was quietly told that I had broken the Irish law by being in Ireland with a rifle without permission. They took my name and address, and I was to appear before the Mayor next morning to answer to the charge, but as I had to sail next morning I could not do so. Under those circumstances, although it was Sunday, the case was laid before the Mayor, who at once ordered them to hand me over the rifle. My fellow-passengers *enjoyed this little adventure amazingly.*

We set sail again late on Monday night, the 13th, under rather unfavourable circumstances, as the weather looked very angry. A severe thunderstorm broke over us. A storm like this is to some a very enjoyable sight, but to me it was very far from being pleasant, especially as it was accompanied by a very heavy swell of the sea, and as the evening advances the ship begins to roll, and I am just beginning to feel a peculiar sensation under the bottom button of my waistcoat, so I get to bed as quickly as possible.

Tuesday, 14th, Wednesday, 15th, Thursday, 16th, and Friday, 17th.—Quite unable from sea sickness to lift my head from the pillow. I make several attempts to get up on deck and fail, but on Saturday, 18th, I feel much better, and with the help of the steward get up on deck, where I learn that nearly three-fourths of the passengers have been in the same unhappy predicament as myself, although many of them have often crossed the Atlantic before. I fancy much of it was caused by the hurried manner in which the ship was sent to sea, there not having been sufficient time to get ballast, and, she being a light ship, rolled fearfully. While the storm lasted two or three of the passengers were thrown out of their berths on to the floor. The weather this morning is quite delightful, and every hour seems to be bringing me to myself again. A large steamer now comes in sight, the first that has been seen since we left the coast of Ireland. Although the passing of a steamer would seem to be

a very trifling matter, it is wonderful how eager we all seem to watch its gradual approach ; it quite breaks the monotony of our voyage for two or three hours. This being Saturday the saloon passengers meet in the evening for music, and a very enjoyable hour is passed.

Sunday, May 19.—Up on deck by 7 o'clock, to find another beautiful morning. I quite expected to find myself the first person on deck, but to my surprise I find Miss McPhearson and her boys and girls busy singing some very pretty hymns. Between each hymn she addresses a few words to them on the subject of the hymn. At 10.30 the bell rings for service in the saloon cabin, and owing to the sad accident and wonderful escape we had all so recently passed through a very large assembly met for service. The Church of England service was conducted by Canon Grinsdale, of Manitoba. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Collins, of Toronto, the subject of our narrow escape being the principal feature of his discourse. The afternoon we pass on deck, but as we are now getting into the Arctic currents the cold is intense. The captain's aim now is to keep clear of field ice and icebergs, one of which we saw in the distance, and as the sun was shining upon it it looked very grand and majestic, but with all their beauty I do not wish to see many of them.

May 20.—Another bright morning, but very cold. Pleased once more to sight land, consisting of several

islands, the largest of which is called St. Pierre ; it has a small settlement upon it, also a French Governor. It looks a barren place, and more suitable for a convict settlement than any other purpose. In the afternoon we pass Newfoundland. We soon reach the Straits of Belle Isle, and enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We again lose sight of land on the north, but on the south it is in view all day. The Gulf is as smooth as a mill-pond, and the sun is just setting, looking more beautiful than I have ever seen it before. This evening we have had a very nice concert in the saloon, many of the passengers taking part in it. The captain, who, by the way, is a most agreeable fellow, gave two readings ; he also assisted very ably in the musical department.

May 21.—Another lovely morning. We are now sailing alongside the Island of Anticosti, which is about 120 miles long, and is uninhabited, except by the attendants of lighthouses. It is covered with trees of dark foliage, which gives it a very gloomy appearance. The captain tells me he often sees bears prowling about the shore, and I think it is a most suitable place for them. This island has also a wintry appearance, being partially covered with snow.

May 22.—We have been sailing all day in the River St. Lawrence, and it certainly is the most magnificent river I ever saw. Upon each side the banks are studded with houses mostly painted white, or white-washed. The land does not look at all attractive.

The grass and foliage appear to lack that beautiful green appearance so characteristic of the old country. We are now nearing Quebec, and Point Levi (opposite Quebec) where we are to land, and bid farewell to the ship. We get our luggage examined and passed by the Custom House officers, and cross by the ferry-boat to Quebec, my impressions of which will form the subject for the next chapter.



## CHAPTER II.

---

### A VISIT TO QUEBEC AND MONTREAL.

UPON nearing Quebec the first sight which attracts attention is the Falls of Montmorenci, and as the sun is now full upon them they look very grand. They are situated in a beautiful nook of the river St. Lawrence, and are higher than those of Niagara, being more than 250 feet, but only 50 feet in width. The scenery all round is most imposing. The city of Quebec, as seen from the distance is very majestic. The roofs of nearly all the houses and churches are covered with tin, which glitters in the sunshine, and gives the city a very peculiar appearance, leading me to expect something very different to what it turns out to be—unlike my first view of the Irish coast, because, in this case, “distance” does “lend enchantment to the view.” Quebec has a population of about 80,000, and is built upon the site of an Indian village, Stadacona, and, unfortunately, the lower portion of the city has been re-built in exactly the same position as the Indians had their huts. The streets are very narrow, and quite devoid of means of thorough ventilation. I do not believe the streets of the lower part of the

city have ever seen the face of a scavenger, as they are ankle-deep in mud. The side-walks, where there are any, are laid with boards, and in many places the boarding is broken, and I more than once nearly sprained my ancle by stepping into the holes. The upper part of the city is considerably more modern, and has many very fine buildings. I visited the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which fronts the lower town. It is very plain outside and in; it seats about 4,000 persons, and has some very fine paintings hanging about the walls, the work of old masters, and of great value. About two-thirds of the population are French, nearly all of whom are Roman Catholics, and as for priests, you meet them by the score. Another very interesting sight is the citadel, which is built upon a very high rock, and has something of the appearance of Edinburgh Castle, but is not quite so elevated. It appears to be a very strong fortress, and is sometimes called the Gibraltar of America. On one side of the rock is a printed sign, indicating the exact spot upon which Montgomery was killed, in 1775, his horse having leaped over the precipice. Another great attraction in the neighbourhood of Quebec are the Plains of Abraham, associated as they are with many gallant deeds of British heroism; there, too, is to be seen a monument erected to the memory of General Wolfe, who is said to have expired upon this spot. It almost makes one sad to see the city of Quebec, *occupying*, as it does naturally, one of the finest

situations it is possible to conceive, surrounded by the most lovely scenery the eye could desire, so utterly neglected in its sanitary condition. I asked several gentlemen how they accounted for the wretched condition of the streets, but the only answer I could get was that wherever the Roman Catholics had the government of towns or cities in their hands, they were always found to be utterly neglectful of sanitary laws. I was, however, very much gratified at the cleanly appearance of the inhabitants, notwithstanding their filthy surroundings. The ladies, I consider, are particularly nice-looking, and all seem to dress with very good taste. The children, too, are very interesting. I went up to several groups while they were at play, and asked my way to certain places, being curious to know whether they would understand English, but though they all spoke French as their native tongue, they seemed to speak English very well too. I next make my way across the St. Lawrence to point Levi, taking leave of Quebec for Montreal by the 9.45 train in the evening. This is the only train by which passengers can book between Quebec and Montreal, and all are obliged to pass the night on the way; so being very tired after wandering about Quebec I took a sleeping car, and was soon in the land of dreams. The sleeping cars on the Great Trunk Railway are simply magnificent, and the comfort and attention you receive quite equals that of a first-class hotel.

I turned out at 5 a.m., and made my way to the



bath-room, where I had a wash. A negro attendant brought my boots to me nicely blacked, and remained with me in the dressing-room, brushing my clothes, &c., making me look as spruce and nice as if I were leaving an hotel. The morning being very fine, I go and take up my position outside one of the cars. We are now within an hour's ride of Montreal, and I want to have a peep at the town in the distance. We have just stopped at a small station, situated in a very picturesque spot ; the scenery all round is quite sufficient to excite in the most apathetic feelings of wonder and admiration. Near this station is a fine range of mountains, called the Beloeil mountains, and on the top of one of these is a lake, so wonderful for its depth that no line has yet been found long enough to reach the bottom. The place where the lake is is said to be an exhausted volcano. From where we are standing Montreal is observable in the distance, but the great object of attraction is the Victoria Bridge, which spans the St. Lawrence. This master-piece of engineering was constructed under the superintendence of the celebrated Robert Stephenson, and is said to be the largest bridge in the world, being about two miles across. It has twenty-four stone supports, and was six years in course of construction ; the cost was \$6,000,000. Montreal is an island of triangular shape, and is 32 miles long by  $10\frac{1}{2}$  broad, and, with the exception of two or three mountain ranges, is very flat. The city is built upon the flat part of it, but

at the west end of the City there is a mountain called Mount Royal, which forms a beautiful background. It is the property of the Corporation, and forms a great centre of attraction for the inhabitants during the summer months. A beautiful carriage-drive has just been completed, which, starting at the base, gradually rises in the form of a corkscrew until it reaches within a short distance of the summit. The City is also very conveniently situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence River, as vessels of 5,000 tons burden may be floated right down to the upper end of Lake Superior, a distance of 1,600 miles. I came here just in time to join the citizens in the Queen's birthday festivities. The day is entirely set apart for rejoicings of every description. The great attraction of the day is a volunteer review held in a large park at the base of the mountain. Volunteers come from all parts of the Dominion. For the first time in the history of the Volunteer Movement the stars and stripes were seen waving amongst the Canadian colours, a small battalion having come all the way from the States, and, as an old volunteer, I must say that a smarter corps I never saw, and their drill quite equals their appearance. The Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, went up to their commanding officer, and asked permission to address a few words to his men, which request he, of course, was only too pleased to concede. He made a very neat complimentary speech, principally in reference to the kindly spirit shown by their

presence amongst them that day. I was very much pleased to find in Canada the same enthusiastic appreciation of the volunteer movement as in the old country. All the morning train after train have been pouring in their thousands from all parts of Canada; and steamboat after steamboat coming in crowded with people from along the banks of the St. Lawrence. Thousands are coming in from the agricultural districts in all manner of conveyances, until the roads leading to the mountain are as crowded as those leading to Epsom on a Derby day. The review finished up with a sham fight, in which an attempt was made to take possession of the mountain—the one party trying to defend it, and the other doing all they could to dislodge them. When the firing commenced, the horses in our carriage got so frightened that we had to beat a hasty retreat to a quiet part of the hill, where we had lunch.

Montreal, for its size, possesses some of the finest buildings I have ever seen. I have visited most of them, and for design, beauty of finish, and artistic skill, I should think they could hardly be surpassed. Their banks are noble structures, and their Corporation buildings are particularly fine. The Windsor Hotel, lately finished, is an ornament to the city, and not to be equalled in Canada. It is in the Italian style, and is 250 feet square, 100 feet high, and can accommodate 1,000 guests. As for churches, cathedrals, convents, &c., you seem to meet them at every

turn. I went into the French Cathedral. This building will seat 10,000 persons, and is beautifully finished inside. The Catholic religion is predominant here, and a very bad feeling seems to exist between Catholics and Protestants. The Catholics have full control of all the public institutions, and the Protestants complain very bitterly of being unjustly treated, both socially and religiously. There is certainly a great absence of law and order in the city. Every two or three days we have instances of most cowardly attacks of shooting by men lying in ambush, so much so that it is hardly safe to be out after dark. The authorities are also blamed for not following up these midnight assassins, and punishing them most severely. Such cowards ought to be treated as we treat the garotters in England, viz., by a good application of the lash to their bare backs. Another drawback to this city is its sanitary condition, which is very bad. The mortality averages about 31 per 1,000; so that if we contrast it with our death-rate in Coventry, which cannot be more than 20 per 1,000, Montreal may be said to be hurrying to an untimely grave no less than 1980 persons per annum. This is the more surprising when we consider the enormous amount of money the Canadian Government are annually expending in bringing out emigrants from all over Europe, as every one of them is considered to be worth two or three times as much to the Dominion as the cost in bringing him out. This is certainly a "penny

wise and pound foolish policy." I had a long chat with the Mayor, Honourable J. Beaudry, the other day. He puts the blame down to the inefficiency of the Chairman of the Board of Health. He also informed me that they have neither poor-laws nor workhouses, all cases of real distress being met by various charitable institutions, the town being divided into districts, and all the work done voluntarily. From what I can learn, I think our poor-law system in England is far better adapted for meeting the requirements of the poor. I have had a great deal of social intercourse with the people here, and I must say they are the most hospitable I ever met. *Evening parties* seem to be the order of the *day*, for were I to accept all the invitations I receive I would be at one or another of them nearly every night. I have been struck with one peculiarity concerning these gatherings. I have not attended *one* where intoxicating drinks have been offered. Whether this is the custom in the hot season only I cannot say. All the drinks passed round during the evening are of an effervescing description. Ice creams are used also extensively. I was at a party the other evening, given by one of the wealthiest wine merchants in the city, and, to my surprise, *not a drop of wine or spirituous liquor was offered us*. From this I should imagine it must be the custom of the place. Visitors to this part of Canada find a great disadvantage in not being able to speak French, as quite *two-thirds* of the population are French. Yesterday

I drove round the country amongst the French villages, and I had much difficulty in finding my way back to Montreal, so very few of the people I met could speak English.

I think I have given you enough about Quebec and Montreal. In a few days I purpose sailing west by the St. Lawrence, and Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Michigan, and from there to the Prairies of the Far West, calling at all the places of interest on the way.



## CHAPTER III.

---

### NEW YORK AND THE SCENERY ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

I HAVE just returned from a short trip, in company with a friend, through the State of New York, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. Starting by rail from Montreal the journey is highly interesting. Arriving at Rouse's Point, the United States Custom House officers make us show them our luggage: and while this is being done we take a stroll round the town. It is beautifully situated on the banks of Lake Champlain, and has a population, mostly French, of about 1,500. Leaving here the train runs for some hours along the banks of the lake, so near, that I can almost reach the water with my walking stick. In many places wooden bridges, over which we have to pass, have been erected across portions of the lake, and to a stranger they appear very unsafe for such heavy weights to pass over. On arriving at Plattsburgh I was much surprised to find the train running right along the centre of one of the principal streets. Trains, of course, go much slower *under such circumstances*, and a large bell, which is

fixed on the engine, is kept ringing. I understand that with all their care there is annually a large sacrifice of life through this practice. Plattsburgh, also, is built on the banks of Lake Champlain, and viewed from the station, looks very imposing. It is used as a summer resort by well-to-do people, both in Canada and the States.

Travelling along from here—still on the borders of the lake—we soon reach Ticonderoyd, on the banks of Lake George, and shortly afterwards arrive at the far-famed Saratoga. I am not at all surprised at this town being popular throughout the whole of Canada and the United States. It is celebrated for many things. The town itself is very pleasantly situated. Its hotels, I believe, are not to be surpassed. The Grand Union Hotel, built by the late celebrated Mr. Stewart, of New York, is perhaps the most elegant watering-place hotel on this Continent. One of the greatest attractions in Saratoga is its far-famed mineral springs. They are said to be unequalled, and quite fountains of health for the invalids who visit them. It also offers every opportunity for young ladies and gentlemen who feel disposed for a little innocent flirtation, and there is a continual succession of entertainments during the summer months.

Leaving Saratoga, I take the cars for Troy and Albany. Both towns are situated on the banks of the Hudson river, directly opposite each other. The river at this point I should say is about half-a-mile wide.



Albany, being the capital of New York State, has many things of great interest, but, unfortunately, the weather is so hot and oppressive that we are quite unable to visit many of the places which we otherwise should have done. The population of Albany is nearly 100,000, and it was made the capital of New York State in 1798. There is now in course of erection a new House of Representatives. This building has been going on for the last ten years, and it is not yet completed. It is certainly a most magnificent structure. Our Houses of Parliament are not to be compared to it. It is built of white marble, and has a frontage of 200 feet by 300 feet in depth. It is four storeys high. All round are innumerable pillars, which impart to the edifice a very noble appearance. While looking round I got into conversation with an old gentlemen belonging to Albany, and in speaking about the time the building had been, and was likely to be on hand, he said that nearly all these large Government buildings are purposely prolonged, in order to fill the pockets of many of the representatives, and this opinion I found to be generally entertained throughout the States. How it is done I do not know. Probably the late Mr. Tweed could have enlightened me had he been alive. The streets in Albany are beautifully shaded by large trees. The business part of the city has some very fine stores, but here, as everywhere throughout America, trade is, and has *been for a long time*, in a very depressed state. The

mayor of the city is an Irishman, and is very much respected.

We now propose sailing down the Hudson river to New York. This is said to be one of the finest rivers in or out of America, and I am advised by friends not to miss seeing it. From Albany to New York is 140 miles by water. We take the day boat, and soon find ourselves sailing along the far-famed river. On board we have a very agreeable lot of passengers. The weather is all that could be desired for an enjoyable sail. There is also a very nice band on board. I take my seat on the upper deck, and very soon make a few friends. The banks of the Hudson, for picturesque grandeur, and places of historical interest, are far beyond my expectations. I have always hitherto had an idea that the scenery of the Clyde, in Scotland, could not be equalled, but with a very slight stretch of imagination you may fancy you see, while sailing along this river, all the beauties of Loch Katrine, nestling among the mountains in the Highlands of Scotland; and in the great Catskill mountains, you see the mountains of Arran. In the Palisades you see the Giant's Causeway of Ireland. These Palisades are a wonderful sight. They extend along the banks of the Hudson for 15 miles, and are from 260 to 600 feet high. Arriving at Hudson we stay a short time to exchange passengers. From the deck of the steamer we have a fine view of the city, as it is built upon a sloping promontory. The weather is exceed-

ingly hot, and it is quite amusing to watch the people on the quay and in the streets; they seem to move and lie about the landing-stage as though they were quite exhausted with the heat, but as the thermometer stands at 95 degrees in the shade, this is not to be wondered at.

Leaving Hudson, we pass on to West Point. This place is, undoubtedly, the climax of picturesque beauty on the banks of the Hudson. The river here takes the form of a bay, and has been beautifully described by one of the American poets, thus:—

“ What though no cloister grey nor vivid column  
Along this cliff their sombre ruins rear;  
What though no frowning tower or temple solemn,  
Of despots tell and superstition here,—  
Yet sights and sounds at which the world have wondered,  
Within these wild ravines here had their birth.  
Young freedom’s cannon from these glens have thundered,  
And sent their startling echoes o’er the earth,—  
And not a verdant glade or mountain hoary,  
But treasures up within the glorious story.”

West Point is situated in what is called the Highlands of America, and no better place could have been selected for Government buildings and fortifications. Upon a fine plateau, about 200 feet above the river, stands the academy buildings, where the young cadets of the United States army receive their military training. Here, too, is a very fine parade ground, also

the cadet barracks and officers' quarters, and several monuments, one of which is in honour of General Sedgwick. The cemetery here is beautifully situated on the level summit of a high hill. The most conspicuous object in the cemetery is the cadet's monument, situated at the eastern angle; it was erected in the autumn, 1818, to the memory of Vincent M. Lowe, of New York, by his brother cadets. He was accidentally killed by the discharge of a cannon, on 1st January, 1817. An American poet has beautifully described this cemetery in the following lines :—

“ There, side by side, the dark green cedars cluster,  
Like sentries watching by the camp of death ;  
There, like an army's tents, with snow-white lustre,  
The grave-stones gleam beneath.

“ Few are the graves, for here no populous city  
Feeds, with its myriad lives, the hungry fate ;  
While hourly funerals, led by grief or pity,  
Crowd through the open gate.

“ Here sleep brave men, who in the deadly quarrel,  
Fought for their country, and their life blood poured ;  
Above whose dust she carves the deathless laurel,  
Wreathing the victor's sword.

“ And he, the young cadet, in manly beauty,  
Borne from the tents which skirt those rocky banks ;  
Called from life's daily drill and perilous duty,  
To these unbroken ranks.”

This place having so many attractions, is greatly in favour with the New Yorkers. During the summer months steamers run several times a week at the low charge of one dollar per return journey. Many of the wealthy merchants of New York have their homes down here, some of which we pass as we sail along between West Point and New York. We reach the landing stage at about six o'clock, highly gratified with our trip down the Hudson.

Upon landing at New York we are literally besieged by porters and cabdrivers of every description. We agree with a cabby to be driven to our hotel, but upon inquiring his price before starting we are informed that his fare is a dollar and a half, but when he sees that we are not to be done, he bargains to take us for half a dollar, and as the distance is only about a mile it pays him very well at that. The approach to New York by water is a splendid sight. On the opposite bank of the Hudson, we see the state and city of New Jersey, and on the east river the city of Brooklyn and the neighbouring towns, all of which appear to form a continuous city. On the east bank are numerous small islands, which altogether make about as pretty a picture of the entrance to a city as it is possible to imagine. Our first day here being the 4th of July, the principal holiday in the year, we see both the city and the people under very favourable auspices. Meeting with a few friends who reside here we place ourselves in their hands, and consent to be New Yorkers

for the day. A trip on the water is decided upon, and we make our way for 23rd street pier, and soon find ourselves on board of a beautiful river steamer, bound for Harleam and High Bridge. The steamer is crowded from stem to stern, and a band of musicians is playing some very stirring tunes, and all the passengers seem bent upon enjoyment. As we near Harleam, we come across several rowing clubs, getting in readiness for a grand boat race that is to come off to-day. Upon reaching Harleam, we pass through a very pretty drawbridge, which is opened to us by steam. Sailing along the east river we observe some very prominent institutions, built upon the islands which skirt the eastern side of New York, such as Blackwood's Island, Randall's Island, and Ward's Island. We see also the prison in which the notorious Tweed was lodged, but which was not found strong enough to hold him ; also the Brooklyn Navy Yard. We land at High Bridge, and spend a very pleasant hour watching the New Yorkers enjoying themselves in the pleasure gardens ; and although the day is one of intense heat I see a number of young people "tripping the light fantastic toe." Harleam is celebrated for its great stone bridge, over which the water pipes pass which supply New York. From the centre of this bridge a magnificent view is to be obtained. Leaving Harleam we return to New York to visit Central Park. We do so by way of the elevated railway. This is, undoubtedly, the greatest

wonder in city travelling I have ever seen. If you can imagine a row of iron supports upon each side of the pavement in the principal streets of Coventry, and as high as the second storey of a house, and on these supports rails laid and trains running along at all hours of the day and night, turning round corners with as much ease as an ordinary 'bus, you can form an idea of the New York Elevated Railway. The engine is enclosed in a carriage, and, except for the funnel, looks exactly like an ordinary street car. There are a great many complaints from the people upon flats where the trains pass. The continual noise, day and night, they say, is quite unbearable, and the owners of property are about to sue the company for damages for depreciation of property. The train puts us down at a short distance from the park. This park may well be called the pleasure ground of New York. It contains 843 acres of land, fifteen miles of carriage drives, and is situated in the very midst of the city. Although the engineer and the landscape gardener have done much to beautify this park, there still remains a large portion of it with a wild picturesque appearance, making you feel as if you are many miles out in the country, instead of being in the very heart of New York. Near to where I am standing is a monument of Shakespeare, and close by is a statue of Sir W. Scott, who is represented along with his dog. A site has been selected near to this spot for erecting a monument to Robert Burns, and there is also one to

be erected shortly to the late Daniel O'Connell. Amongst the various sights we notice while strolling about, perhaps the most amusing are the young negro men and women enjoying themselves. They look as if this were their only holiday in the year, they seem so happy. The old negroes and their Betsy's, too, are here with their gingham umbrellas, promenading about with all the dignity imaginable. How different this life must be to that of those who formerly were Southern slaves !

Leaving the park, we go to a concert at Gilmour's gardens, where we spend a very pleasant evening. During my stay in New York, we strolled along Broadway, and visited Steward's store, where 1,500 assistants are employed ; also Trinity Church, the oldest Episcopal Church in New York. In the porch I notice a monument to a bishop belonging to Warwickshire. We also visited Wall-street, the famous business street ; the Exchange, Custom House, and the Battery. From here we take ferry-boat to Staten Island. On the way we pass Governor's Island, and Fort Columbus ; see Greenwood Cemetery in the distance ; also Forts Woodsworth, Hamilton, and Lafayette. The last-named is where the confederate prisoners were confined during the late war ; and is a very gloomy-looking building. Staten Island seems to be a very pretty place, and nearly covered with villas, belonging to New York merchants. This island is about an hour's sail from New York. From here



we go on to Williamsburg, where I meet and receive a very warm reception from Mr. and Mrs. Liszka, late of Coventry. They occupy a good position in the new country, and appear to be very much respected. They spent nearly two days with us, driving us about to all the places of interest within twelve miles of their home. They also induced another Coventry person, a Mr. Nall, to join our party. Mr. Nall is a trimming manufacturer here, and has been very successful during a thirty years' residence in Williamsburgh. We visit Brooklyn, Beecher's Church, and Prospect Park. On the Sunday afternoon our Coventry friends prevailed upon us to take a drive with them to see American sea-side life at Cony Island, and the weather being beautiful, although fearfully hot, we agreed to accompany them, although the drive was far from pleasant; the scenery between the city of Brooklyn and Cony Island was very interesting. On our way we pass through Prospect Park, which for size and beauty is but little behind Central Park in New York, and as thousands of people are promenading along the avenues it appears to be highly appreciated. Our drive from Prospect Park to Cony Island is in a straight line from the Park, the road is quite three times wider than the Kenilworth Road, and although the distance from Brooklyn to Cony Island is about twelve miles, the whole length of the road is covered with carriages of every description, from the *green-grocer*, with his family, in his pony carriage, to the

New York merchant, with his four-in-hand, while every one is driving as if their life depended upon their reaching Coney Island by a certain hour. The roads, too, being dreadfully cut up, we were all literally covered with dust. On reaching Coney Island we drove up to one of the hotels, stabled our horse, and with the assistance of two or three negro waiters, got well brushed down, and soon after began our round of sight-seeing. This island is situated on the south western corner of Long Island, and is separated from it by the windings of a narrow stream, or swamp, over which a bridge has been constructed. The island is small, being not more than eight miles long by one in breadth. At present Coney Island has no private residences upon it, as it is only within the last few years the place has become so popular. There are several very large hotels, each one as large as the Coventry Market Hall. We entered one, and found it crowded with well-dressed people. I should think there were quite five hundred persons seated round tables, having refreshments, consisting mostly of tea, coffee, lager beer, ice creams, &c. In the centre of the great hall there was a large stage erected, where a band is playing some very choice music, which is being rapturously applauded by a great crowd. In front of the hotel, under the verandah, a group of real negro minstrels are entertaining a number of onlookers by singing their native melodies, with all the usual musical accompaniments. We now go up stairs,

where, to my astonishment, we find a very large dancing party. Only fancy dancing on a Sunday afternoon, and the heat, so oppressive we could hardly drag ourselves about. Leaving the hotel we stroll along the sandy beach, to look up at the great Lion of Coney Island, the Centennial Tower, which was exhibited at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and brought from there to Coney Island, as a Yankee speculation. It is an iron tower about as high as St. Michael's spire. We are taken up to the top by means of a lift, landing us there almost instantaneously, when the view that meets our eyes all round is very imposing. Descending from the Tower we wander a little further along the beach, and see the people roasting clams. This is quite a favourite dish with the Americans; they are shell fish, but not liking the look of them I did not invest. All along the beach is one moving mass of men, women, and children; it seems to be quite the Brighton of this part of America. I also see hundreds of men, women, and children, bathing together, quite indiscriminately; but as all are very properly attired in bathing dresses no particular notice is taken of them. It did, however, seem strange to me to see young men and young women going down into the water together, arm in arm, and it was still more strange to see them walking out of the water together, with their wet garments clinging all round them. I must say that I left the place not at all favourably impressed with

American Sunday life as seen there, and my only justification for countenancing such ongoings was that as a stranger running through a strange country, I was anxious to see life and character in as many phases as possible. But if I were going to spend the remainder of my life in that part of America, I should never again visit such a place as Coney Island, on a Sunday afternoon.

We next visit New Jersey City, and jump on one of the tramcars for a drive through. While going along one of the streets I am surprised to find the horse and car going up in the air. I at once jump up to see where we were going to, and find that we are being taken up the Jersey heights on an elevator worked by steam power. The rise from the low street to the high one will be about 100ft. I do not relish this mode of travelling at all. Coming down I find much worse than going up. I understand an accident occurred some time ago by which several persons lost their lives, the whole thing having given way while coming down. During my stay in New York I visited many places of interest, such as the New Post Office, said to be the finest in the world ; also Bennett's printing establishment, where the *New York Herald* is printed. I was unable to visit a great many places owing to the intense heat, which was so severe that people were falling down dead at the rate of from twenty to thirty a day.

Leaving New York we start for Rhode Island in a magnificent steamer, furnished and decorated as hand-

somely as any hotel in America. All the officers and attendants are negroes, who are most attentive to the passengers. We sail through New York Bay, get into the open ocean about midnight, and land at Providence city after an enjoyable sail of 12 hours. Providence has very much the appearance of an English town. The greater part of it is composed of jewellery manufactories; and my travelling companion being a merchant in the jewellery business, and well known to many of the manufacturers, we are kindly received and shown through their places of business. I was very much amused in reading the following notice printed over the entrance into one of their workshops, (*viz.*) "The Lord helps those who help themselves. But the Lord help any man found helping himself here." Providence is about twice the size of Coventry, and possesses some very fine buildings, monuments, and squares. In front of the City Hall there has recently been erected a monument to the memory of the Providence soldiers who fell in the late war. This City Hall, too, is a gorgeous edifice, built of white marble. Here, however, as at New York, we are prevented visiting many places of historical interest, for fear of exposing ourselves for too long a time to the fierce heat.

We next find ourselves in Boston, a very fine city, which, like Providence, makes us think of our English towns. It is built upon the European plan, the houses being high and closely packed together. The streets are very narrow, those facing the park reminding one

of Piccadilly. The park is prettily laid out, and most conveniently situated near the centre of the city. Judging from the number of people we see reclining under the shade of the giant trees, the place seems to be thoroughly appreciated. I believe few cities in America can boast of more places of historical interest than can Boston. For instance, there is Bunker's Hill, where the first encounter took place between the colonists and English, which eventually led to the separation of the States from the mother country. On the top of the hill a massive granite monument has been erected, consisting of a pyramid measuring 27 feet square at the base, and rising 220 feet. There is a good story told of a Yankee escorting a British friend around to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston. He brought him to Bunker's Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said. "This is the place where Warren fell." "Oh!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters, "did it hurt him much?" The native looked at him with the expression of fourteen fourth of July's in his countenance. "Hurt him" said he; "he was killed, sir." "Oh! he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer; "well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far." Boston possesses, too, a well-sheltered harbour, and there is a great amount of traffic when trade is in full swing. Everyone, however, is still

complaining of the long continued depression. The Bostonians have much more the appearance of Englishmen than I have seen elsewhere in the States. Indeed one could live here and almost forget that he was away from the old country. This is the first American city in which I have seen Coventry bicycles. Before leaving Coventry I promised some friends in the bicycle trade that I would do what I could to introduce their machines into America. Unfortunately, however, I have failed as yet. I think the principal reason is the unfinished state of the roads in such a new country. During my inland travels here I have covered some hundreds of miles by driving, riding, or walking, and I can positively pronounce the roads entirely unsuited for bicycling. I have, while driving, had many narrow escapes of being unceremoniously thrown out. I learn from a Coventry young man who is connected with the sale of bicycles here, that around Boston there are some roads well suited for bicycles. He tells me, however, that the greatest difficulty in pushing the trade is the immense number of patents in existence. If he shows in his machine any trifling thing which infringes upon any other patent he is immediately pounced upon. At the present time he is sadly annoyed on account of legal proceedings being threatened. Evidently there is some insurmountable difficulty in the way of developing the bicycle trade here, or long before this time the Yankees would have crowded the *market*. From what I have seen I am sure that they

are not the people to allow an opportunity of that kind to pass them. I am sorry to have to give such an account of the prospects of opening up a bicycle trade here, as for the interest I have in the old city, I should have been proud to have been of use in aiding such an important undertaking.

We now return to Montreal.





## CHAPTER IV.

---

### A VISIT TO CANADA WEST.

**W**E have done with the States for the present, and return to Montreal, which city we left for Toronto, by the Grand Trunk Railway, July 26th, and travelled for many miles close to the banks of the St. Lawrence, passing many towns, cities, and villages of great interest. Reaching Prescott we have a splendid view of Ogdensburgh, which is built upon a sloping hill on the American side of the St. Lawrence. We also pass Kingston, Brockville, and Coburg, and many other thriving little towns on the Canadian side. After a run of 333 miles we reach Toronto. The railway approach to this city, as the cars wind their way round the bay, is very fine indeed. Toronto is the largest and most populous city in Western Canada. It is situated on the north shore of Lake Ontario, between the Humber and the Don, and is thirty miles from the mouth of the Niagara River. As a city its situation is not at all picturesque, but the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, makes up for this deficiency. The bay, which forms its southern boundary, gives it as a Lake Port, both beauty and commercial advantages not equalled by

any other western city. The streets are very spacious and beautifully laid out. Most of the principal streets start from the bay. Yong street, one of the longest and most important in Toronto, starts from the bay and goes north as far as Holland's Landing, a distance of 30 miles, although at present there are only four miles of it built upon. Judging from its length the Corporation must have very extensive ideas of the future size of their city. Since my arrival I have driven through all the principal streets and avenues in the city. Some of these avenues are beautifully laid out, one in particular, leading from Queen street to the University grounds. It is one mile in length by 120 feet in width, and the tall trees on either side make it look more like the approach to some nobleman's mansion, than a street in the centre of a business town. I also visited the public park, the property of the Corporation, on lease for 999 years. It is conveniently situated on the outskirts of the city. I visited it on a Sunday afternoon, and as the day was fine many thousands of people were promenading or resting under the shade of the large trees. The public University occupies a large portion of this park, and is a noble structure. Near to it a very fine monument and fountain has recently been erected to the memory of the Toronto soldiers, who fell during the Fenian raid a few years ago. Upon each of the four corners of the monument is the full size statue of a soldier standing at ease, leaning on his rifle. The fencing round about

it is very characteristic of a soldier's monument, being in the form of "piled" arms. Toronto possesses some very noble buildings, such as Osgood Hall, in Queen Street, the St. Lawrence Hall, Knox College, and the General Post Office, a very handsome edifice, and many others too numerous to mention. It is also well provided with churches, having no less than sixty, and several others in course of erection. I visited the Metropolitan Wesleyan Church in Queen street, which is said to be the finest in Toronto, and it certainly is a credit to the Wesleyans, and an ornament to the city. It is built in the centre of a large square, and the ground all round is laid out as a flower garden, which, at the time of my visit, was simply perfection. In the church there are sittings for 2,500 people. The galleries are so arranged that they can be emptied in seven minutes in case of fire. I also visited the Baptist Church, recently erected at the corner of Jarvis Street. This is said to be the finest Baptist Church in the Dominion ; it is built of stone in the form of a horse-shoe, and seats 1,600 people. It possesses one of the finest organs I have ever heard, and it is (as it ought to be in a Baptist Church) played by *water power*. Toronto can also boast of a St. Michael's Cathedral, but it is not, as a building, to be compared to our St. Michael's at Coventry. It has a fine tower and spire of 250 feet in height. I also visited a Negro Baptist Church, and as it was my first visit to a Negro congregation, I was highly amused. They are certainly the most *enthusi-*

*astic* worshippers I have ever been amongst. The organist and choir appear to be well trained. While some of the darkies were handing round the collection boxes, one of them started a very lively hymn which was at once taken up by the whole congregation, and sung with great earnestness. I afterwards visited their Sunday school, and was pleased to find a very large attendance of negro children. The superintendent received me very kindly, and invited me to address the children. During my residence in Toronto I met with many friends. I spent a very agreeable morning with the Mayor of the city, a Mr. Morrison, belonging to the north of Scotland. He showed me all over the county buildings. I also had an opportunity of inspecting their Fire Brigade arrangements, which have reached to great perfection. Whenever the alarm of fire is given, the electric current is instantly sent to every fire station in the city. This current rings a bell at each office, tells them where the fire is, opens the stable door and unfastens the horses, who immediately rush out of their stables each to its own position, either to engine or fire escape. The horses are as mad and as eager to get to the scene of action as the men, so that in one minute from the time the alarm is given they are in the street and ready to run to the fire, but as this was only done for practice the horses were at once un-hitched, and as they went back into their stables they looked quite disappointed at not having had a run. These horses

stand in their harness day and night, with their heads toward the stable door, ready to rush out whenever the electric current throws open the doors.

I have had some pleasant hours sailing to places of interest on the banks and islands of Lake Ontario. The Canadians are excessively fond of these lake excursions both by day and moonlight. I joined them in one of their moonlight trips ; the night was all that could be desired, and the sail was a most enjoyable one, and as there was a band of music on board dancing and moonlight flirting were kept up until nearly twelve o'clock. I made another trip across the lake to Niagara Town, situated at the mouth of the Niagara River, which at this point is about one and a half miles wide. The Canadians have a large round fort on their side. The Americans have both a fort and a barrack on theirs, as I hear the bugle sounding the orders as we go sailing along. From Niagara we sail down the river to Leweston, on the American side, and land a few passengers, who I see are having their luggage over-hauled by the American Custom House officers. On the Canadian side, opposite Leweston, there is a very pretty little town, called Queenstown, built partially upon the slope of a mountain, upon the summit of which a monument has been erected to the memory of Colonel Brocke. I joined an excursion across the bay to Scarborough Heights. This is a place greatly resorted to both by the *Toronto* people and those belonging to other cities ; it

is but half-an-hour's sail from Toronto. I afterwards sailed across to a beautiful little island, about one mile in length by one hundred feet in width. The only house on this island is the home of the great American oarsman, Hanlan. When I landed he was sitting in his boat in the bay, opposite his house. He had been practising, but as the afternoon turned out very squally, and his boat being only suitable for smooth weather, he had to give it up. I asked him when he was coming over to the Thames to get well thrashed, but he only smiled, and said he did not know, as at present he had as much as he could do on this side. He is a very quiet, unassuming young man, notwithstanding that the Canadians almost worship him. As this is Saturday afternoon, the island is crowded with passengers, brought over by the ferry steamers.

My next trip is to the Niagara Falls. I had decided to sail to them by the "City of Rothsay" steamer, but the day fixed was so rough on the lake that the captain would not go on until the storm abated. This rather surprised me, as I was not aware that the lake storms were considered so dangerous. I, however, decided to go by train. I arrive at Niagara, about two miles from the Falls, and proceed on foot along the banks of the river. The American side of the Niagara River is very precipitous, and almost perpendicular, the banks being quite two hundred feet above the river. It seems to have cut its way out of the solid rock. The Canadian side has more of a

slope, and is covered with trees. Long before I see the Falls, I hear a loud roaring noise, and see a mist rising high up in the air like a white cloud. Very soon, however, I find myself standing beside the suspension bridge, which is near to the Falls, from which a fine view is obtained. On the American side, the Falls extend in a straight line for about three hundred yards. The volume of water is not so great as on the Canadian side, nor do they look so fine as the Canadian Falls, as they fall in a straight line, whereas the others descend in the shape of a horse-shoe, and are called the Horse-shoe Falls. They are 1,800 feet, or more than the third of a mile broad. A little island separates the two Falls. The sun shining upon the rising spray exhibits a beautiful rainbow, which extends right across the Falls. An Irishman who visited the Falls seemed quite disappointed. He said he could see nothing wonderful about it, as water rushing along at such a rate could not help going over. I suppose he expected to see the water rushing *up* instead of down. The sight is, from all points of view, one of immense grandeur. While I was reclining upon the grassy banks of the river, about fifty yards from the Falls, a party of about eight hundred people arrived, having come all the way from Indianapolis, a distance of five hundred miles, to visit the Falls. They have only two hours to see them in, so they appear anxious to make the most of their time. After lingering for a time below

the Falls, I take a stroll up the side of the river to see the rapids. Here the river is about a quarter of a mile wide, and the water rushing down amongst the rocks at the rate of twenty-seven miles per hour. The waves are smashing and dancing about twenty feet in the air. The sight is one of fearful grandeur. There are rapids below the Falls of even greater grandeur and fury than those above. Only one vessel has ever been known to run them, viz., the "Maid of the Mist." She was a new vessel, built upon the American side, but the builder got into difficulties, and the sheriff was after him, when three men undertook to run her down the rapids to the Canadian side, out of the clutches of the men of the law. And they did so; but at one point they and the vessel disappeared, but came to the surface with the loss of some of her gearing, and the men were safe. I presume they must have been bound to the vessel with ropes. Only fancy being dragged under water at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour. They, however, reached the Canadian side in safety, with a good ducking and 600 dollars for their morning's work, which they must have considered dearly earned, as the same experiment has never since been attempted. And now, although I have all day been roaming about the banks of the Niagara, to leave seems like tearing myself away. One word let me say to those who may contemplate a visit to the Falls. If you wish to thoroughly enjoy the poetry and grandeur of the scene, you must not



mind being swindled, for at every point where there is a better view than another you have a 50 cent. (2s.) toll to pay ; so if America is a *free country* that term does not apply to the neighbourhood of the Falls, for here you get swindled on all sides.

I leave Niagara Falls for Hamilton, passing close to St. Catherine's, a beautiful town on the banks of Lake Ontario. I arrive at Hamilton, a very fine city, situated on the south-western curve of Burlington Bay ; it occupies a delightful position upon slightly elevated ground, and, like Montreal, winds itself round the base of a mountain. Hamilton has a population of about 35,000, and seems to be a very thriving town. It is a great railway centre, and this has done much for its prosperity. The Great Western Railway forms part of the great central route running from the Atlantic to the Pacific, comprising the Hudson River, Boston and Albany, New York Central, Great Western of Canada, and the Michigan railroads. All these pass through Hamilton, Burlington Bay and beech, which connect Lake Ontario with Hamilton in the background, forming a beautiful panorama as seen from the railway cars when approaching the city, as the line runs round the bay for a long distance. I climbed the mountain, from whence the view is very imposing. My stay in Hamilton has been a most enjoyable one, having met with many old and almost forgotten friends. I was introduced to an old gentleman there, a Mr. Townsend, from Greenwich, England,

who, from 1857 to 1858, was member of Parliament for Greenwich, so that he occupied the seat now so ably filled by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone; and now, through failing health and business misfortunes, he is penniless, depending entirely upon others for his daily support; but in the midst of his trials he seems pleased to recall his advent into the House of Commons, although, I understand, it was the greatest mistake he ever made, as from it is traced his present position.

I left Hamilton for Galt, but by mistake got into the wrong train, and was taken on to Oakville, and being unable to get away again for some hours I visited the town, which is situated about a mile from the station, on the banks of Lake Ontario. It is a remarkably pretty little place, with a population of 2,000. A good many people come here from large towns and cities, seeking rest and quietness during the summer months. Oakville is far-famed for its growth of strawberries. During the season, on an average, about fifteen tons per week of them are sent to the neighbouring towns.

I now made another attempt to reach Galt, and this time succeeded. I was pleased to find it a charming, bustling little town, situated upon the banks of Grand River, and as the town and neighbourhood may be said to be almost a Scotch settlement, I very soon found myself at home amongst the inhabitants, and spent a very pleasant day and night with them.

The part of the Grand River which runs through Galt was recently the scene of a sad accident. A number of gentlemen sailed up the river in a small pleasure steamer, and when returning, the little vessel got into the current, and became quite unmanageable. She and all the passengers were carried over a dam, and out of sixteen eight were drowned, and, as the volume of water was very heavy, their bodies were not all found until many weeks after the accident. I saw the little steamer lying a wreck in the bed of the river.

This is the town where Miss McPhearson has her home for the London Refuge Children. I was pleased at having an opportunity of visiting it. The farm is near the river, about one mile from Galt. She has selected a lovely spot for the home, which must bear a wonderful contrast to the scenes these poor children have left behind them. It is surrounded by orchards and pleasure grounds. The land belonging to it is kept in beautiful order. Upon this farm the boys receive their training to fit them for farm servants. A small percentage of them get into stores in cities, and do well. During my sojourn in Canada I have tried my utmost to ascertain the public opinion of the Canadians upon the policy of bringing out these children, and I am sorry to say that the bulk of the evidence is decidedly opposed to the whole scheme, and they look upon it more as a commercial undertaking than as one of philanthropy; they say their

own towns and cities swarm with such children as those brought out, and that Canada does not want such children distributed all over her Dominion. This opinion I elicited from some of the leading citizens of large Canadian cities. My own opinion is that it is a great boon to the children. I believe, from all I could gather in my travels, that taking the number of children who have from time to time been sent out here, it will be found that they do well, and are fairly treated. I cannot learn that the supervision over them after they arrive here is what it might and ought to be; if there be a weak part about the scheme that is it. I visited several farms in the neighbourhood of Galt, and near to Ayr. Most of them are farmed by men from Ayrshire in Scotland, and so far as I am able to judge they are keeping up the character of their native country, they having brought their farms to great perfection. The roads, too, in this district, are the best I have met with in Canada. My stay here is very short, although I have many pressing invitations to stay longer, but farm life has no attractions for me.

From Galt I took the cars for Berlin, county of Waterloo. This is a small town very pleasantly situated, with a population of 5,000 inhabitants, principally Dutch. It is one of the oldest settlements in Canada. It was commenced 80 years ago, by some Dutch settlers. Its slow growth as a town, is attributed to its inland position. The towns and cities that spring up most rapidly throughout America, are those

in the neighbourhood of the Lakes. Here there are six churches; one of them being a Scotch church, presided over by Rev. Mr. Dickie, from Ayrshire, Scotland. There is also a good business street, and one or two fine hotels.

I next got upon the Grand Trunk Line, and struck out for Stratford-on-Avon. This town is about as unlike the original place of that name as it is possible for one place to be unlike another. With the exception of the river it is the most unpicturesque place I have visited. There are a few nice blocks of buildings in the centre of the town, but their effect is completely spoiled by a number of old worn-out wooden shanties between each block. The inhabitants, too, look about as unprepossessing and miserable as their town. Their river Avon was the only enjoyable sight I saw. It is about four times wider than the Avon at Leamington, but at St. Mary's, a little below Stratford, it is much narrower. There is a small town, called Shakespeare, but as I had already seen enough of Stratford I did not visit it. Leaving Stratford I again took the cars for Detroit, United States. As we neared Sernia, we had a beautiful view of Lake Huron and observed several steamers sailing along quite near to the line, and as the weather was very fine they were crowded with pleasure-seekers. Reaching Sernia, the whole train of cars was run on to a moveable railway bridge, and taken across the river St. Clair to Port Huron, and after a wearisome journey I found *myself comfortably settled in Detroit.*

## CHAPTER V.

---

### DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE.

**D**ETROIT, in the State of Michigan, is situated on the banks of the Detroit River. Its geographical position gives it many advantages. The river at this point is about a mile wide, and separates Canada from the United States. On the Canadian side, directly opposite, lies the pretty little town of Windsor. This river forms the connecting chain with some of the finest lakes and rivers on this Continent. In going North and West, first into Lake St. Clair, through the River St. Clair, into Lake Huron, through St. Mary's River, into Lake Superior, or West, through the Straits of Mackinæ, into Lake Michigan, to Milwaukee or Chicago, through the Yoe and Wisconsin Rivers, into the Mississippi, and from there to any port of the world; and in going South and East from Detroit, you go through Lake Erie to Buffalo, through the Willand Canal into Lake Ontario, the River St. Lawrence, and to England, or elsewhere. Detroit is built upon very flat ground, and is not so picturesque in appearance as are some of the cities I have visited. It has, however, many other advantages not possessed by cities of

greater magnitude. The laws of sanitary science must have been well understood by those who drew the plan of this city. It is the cleanest city I have yet visited. I could not learn the average death-rate : it is, however, said to be very low. Its streets are the most spacious of any I have yet seen in America, so wide, in fact, that I think it would be difficult for one person to recognise another on the opposite side without a telescope. The streets, too, are kept in splendid condition, which is very exceptional either in Canada or the States. This city is well adapted for the use of Coventry bicycles and tricycles, and from enquiries I have made I believe a good business might be done here. The arrangement of the streets has puzzled me a great deal. Most of the principal streets and avenues start from the river, and meet round a beautiful crescent or park. They resemble in form a carriage wheel, the hub of the wheel being the crescent, and the streets the spokes, but as many of the streets are, to a stranger, very much alike, I often found myself going back to the crescent when I wished to go in an opposite direction. This city can also boast of its beautiful and lofty buildings and fine squares, parks, and monuments. The new Town Hall is a magnificent building, and has a very lofty tower, to which the public have free admission, access being obtained by a spiral staircase. Although, upon the day I visited this place, the thermometer registered 94 deg. in the shade, I was tempted to make the ascent, and the view

amply repayed me for all the fatigue. The lakes, rivers and land scenery form a beautiful panorama, and one never to be forgotten. Near to the Town Hall, in the centre of a square, stands a monument which has been recently erected to the memory of the heroes who fell in defence of liberty and union. During the summer months there is a continuation of regattas and pleasure excursions to the neighbouring lakes, and as I always make it a rule in travelling to mix with the people in all their innocent amusements, I joined them in some of these trips. One day we sailed along as far as Lake Erie, calling at Amhersburgh, a pretty little town on the Canadian side, also Sugar Island, which stands partly in the Detroit river and partly in Lake Erie, and is much frequented by pic-nic parties. It is also a good place for fishing. We took on board several passengers who appeared to have had good sport, as each one carried a long string of fish. We called at several very pretty villages on the banks of the river on the American side, and returned to Detroit by moonlight after a very enjoyable excursion. There are in Detroit several boating clubs, and all through the summer season the rival clubs send racing challenges to one another. I was present upon one of these occasions. The day being fine the people turned out in thousands, and the sight on the river, was highly interesting. Every steamer and yacht which could be called into requisition was there, crowded with occupants. They took up their position



on either side of the river, leaving the open course for the race down the centre. There was racing with four men in each boat, also with six, eight, and ten. Each club is distinguished by the colour of their dress. I had a splendid position for seeing them, having been admitted to the verandah of one of the club-houses, where there was a nice select party of ladies and gentlemen. The few days I spent here were so pleasant and refreshing that I left for Chicago and Milwaukee somewhat sorry that I could not stay a little longer.

I left Detroit by the night train for Milwaukee, arriving at Chicago in time to catch the morning steamer on Lake Michigan. Having had a good night's rest in one of the Pullman cars, and the morning being fine, I had a most enjoyable sail across the Lake. The Lake Michigan steamers are very comfortable to travel in, but very slow; it took us the whole day to go from Chicago to Milwaukee, which is less than 100 miles. We called at Racine, Wisconsin, and I had a good opportunity for looking over the place. It is situated on the margin of the Lake, and at this time of the year is very full of visitors from inland districts. It has seven churches, and some magnificent hotels. The principal trade carried on here is the lumber business. The population is about 14,000.

We then left for Milwaukee. As we entered the bay I was struck with wonder and admiration at its *picturesque* appearance. I thought I had previously

seen the perfection of bays, but this one surpasses all the others and is said to be even more beautiful than the far-famed bay of Naples. The land rises from 100 feet to 150 feet above the lake, and here and there are to be seen the beautiful mansions of some of the well-to-do Milwaukee merchants. The view enjoyed by these favoured individuals must be very imposing. With the exception of Chicago I think Milwaukee may be said to be the most enterprising city in the United States. Up to the year 1831 it was entirely in the hands of the uncivilized Indians. The first settlers were Solomon Juneau, Byron Kilburn, and George Walker, all of whom are now dead. All over the city as well as in the city records they have left their mark, each one in turn having been mayor. When Walker died in 1866 the population had grown to 70,000, and now in 1878 it is 130,000. What a pleasure it must have been to those three men in their declining years to see such a large and prosperous community around them. Milwaukee may be said to be a Norwegian city, as more than one half of her population hails from Norway. They seem to be like the Scotch, very clannish in their habits, as they occupy one portion of the city almost exclusively. They also cling to the Scandinavian style of buildings, and many of their ancient social customs. One Sunday while in Milwaukee, I was very much surprised at meeting two or three thousand of them marching in procession, accompanied by numerous bands of music. They were

all very clean and respectably dressed, and every one of them wore in his button hole one of Mr. Stevens's Coventry Book Markers, and many were mounted upon horseback. These wore sashes across their shoulders. Upon inquiry I found they were all members of a Gymnastic Society and were on their way to spend the day in one of their public parks, just outside the city. This is one aspect of American city life that I am sorry to say is fast permeating her social life. They seem to look upon Sunday more as a day for recreative enjoyment than as a day to be set apart for religious purposes. It may seem rather an anomaly to make this statement, notwithstanding the innumerable churches to be met with in every city and village throughout America, and yet I am bound to say that my convictions are that free thought is spreading all over America, just as it is in some of our continental countries. Milwaukee has many fine buildings. Their Court House is very handsome. I was shown all over it by the sheriff, a Scotch gentleman, who has lived here since the population was only 800. He says he has enjoyed many a day's wild duck shooting where the city now stands. The Court House was erected in 1872 at a cost of \$650,000. It stands in a park which was given to the town by Juneau, the first of the three men who settled there. The Court House has a very lofty tower, from which a splendid view of Milwaukee is obtained. I ascended and had a fine view of the country for miles round.

Milwaukee can also boast of its grand avenues ; and nowhere have I seen more gorgeous private residences than those to be found along these avenues. Alexander Mitchell's residence, on Grand Avenue, is much admired ; it occupies a whole block, and no expense has been spared in making it a perfect paradise. The novel pavilion, the immense fountain, the costly green-houses and conservatories, and the beautiful lawn, so tastily broken with the choicest flowers, far surpass anything I have ever before seen. What adds greatly to the effect of these parks is the almost entire absence of fences to divide them from the public roads. The beautiful lawns are quite open down to the roads, and you appear to be passing through one immense park. Mr. A. Mitchell is from the north of Scotland, and is one of the wealthiest men in Milwaukee, the result of a life of plodding industry.

I also visit the Soldiers' Home, which is situated in a very picturesque part of the country about two miles out of the town. It has 420 acres of land belonging to it, and a large portion of it is under cultivation. The building can accommodate 860 men. At the time of my visit it appeared to be very full. The inmates are principally disabled volunteers and veterans who were engaged during the late war, who are now, from wounds then received, unable to keep a home for themselves. There is in connection with the place a Post Office, a printing office, from which is issued a weekly paper ; also a library, containing

4,000 volumes. A large hall is used as a church and concert hall. The grounds are tastily laid out with gravel walks, fantastic arbours, and small pools for boating, also croquet lawns. It was rather amusing to witness three one-legged veterans playing at croquet. They have also billiards. I noticed while driving through the grounds that those men who were able to work at all found employment on the land and in the gardens. They have a fine band, and on the Sunday afternoon they have concerts, so that altogether they have a pretty jolly time of it. I visited, too, the Milwaukee Cemetery, which is as picturesque as any I have seen in America. The ground is covered with trees of every size. The flower beds are kept in splendid order, and in several places fountains were playing. Over several hundreds of the graves little flags with stars and stripes are flying, indicating the resting-place of the soldiers engaged in the late war. Milwaukee, on account of its harbour, lake, and railroad advantages, is said to be the largest grain market in the world. Lake Michigan is one of the lakes connecting the east and west, and as through the St. Lawrence river access is had to the Atlantic, everything favours her as a market city. The various industries are well represented in Milwaukee. One of the iron works covers 114 acres of land. The proprietors started business in 1869. They have sent out 35,000 tons of iron annually, and give employment to 1,000 men. There are other ironworks in the

neighbourhood but they are much smaller. There are also boiler works, and steam mills for turning out doors, window frames, and wood work of every description. There are also large leather works, &c., but here, as everywhere else, trade has been for a long time in a very depressed state. I was much interested with my visit to their waterworks. They form a beautiful block of buildings on the shores of Lake Michigan. They have two immense pumping engines. The supply comes from Lake Michigan by means of a pipe laid upon the lake bed. This supply pipe goes a great distance out into the lake ; the water is forced by the engines to a stand tower, which has more the appearance of an ornamental monument than a place to receive water. This tower is 205 feet high, and sends the water to a reservoir that has been made on the highest ground on the west side of the city. The entire cost was \$2,000,000, and it pays well. There is a very interesting sight to be seen in the engine house, viz., the State fish hatchery. The object of this department is to cultivate fish, principally white fish, and lake trout. I saw them in the various tanks. First the eggs and afterwards the fish in all the other progressive stages until they are fit for the frying pan. They only keep a few full-grown ones just to show the size to which they can be brought. The young ones are thrown into the lake as soon as ever they are able to get their own living. This department is kept up by the State. I now left Milwaukee by rail for Chicago.

## CHAPTER VI.

---

### CHICAGO AND THE BANKS OF THE FOX RIVER.

**T**HIS certainly is the most wonderful city of modern times, and truly it may be said to have, as if by magic, sprung twice into existence during the last forty years. Only seven years ago nearly all the principal business premises were laid in ashes, the fire extending for many miles over the best part of the city. 18,000 houses were burnt down, and 100,000 persons left homeless. And yet, at the time of my visit, hardly a vestige of the awful calamity was to be seen. The rapid development of Chicago is not, however, to be wholly attributed to the enterprise of the people, great as that has undoubtedly been. Like Detroit, its geographical position has done much for it. Chicago may be said to form the natural terminus to the great line of navigable waters. They communicate between the eastern cities on the Atlantic, and the west, Quebec, through the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, Boston and New York, through the Hudson River and the Erie Canal. It has been noticed also that for many years there has been a tendency for the trade east of Chicago to go west as far as this city. *And again, the wonderful rapid settling up of the*

States west of Chicago, such as Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, &c., all of which send hither their stock, grain, &c., has made Chicago the greatest market city in America. Unfortunately, the great fire of '71 has crippled the Corporation finances to such an extent that many of their much-needed sanitary improvements are almost at a standstill for want of money; their streets are in a dreadfully unsanitary condition. Their condition in this respect forms a strong contrast to the magnificent buildings the city possesses. The Chicago river, too, that runs through the middle of the city, is nothing less than a common sewer, and should the yellow fever visit Chicago I fear its ravages will be terrible. This is the first city in which I made the acquaintance of the mosquitos.. They caused me to pass one sleepless night. In all the bedrooms in the principal hotels mosquito curtains are suspended from the ceiling by cord and pulley, but being ignorant of their use the first night I dearly paid the penalty. These curtains are something of the shape of the very extensive crinolines the ladies used to wear, and when let down over the sleeper gives ample protection against the attack of the mosquito. I spent a Sunday in Chicago, and although it is the home of Sankey and Moody, I am sorry to say it is the most godless city I have ever visited. Sankey and Moody have no need to leave their native place to search for larger spheres of labour, unless it be, as the old proverb says, that "a



prophet is not without honour, save in his own country." Business, to a large extent, was going on all over the city. The brewers were delivering dray-loads of lager beer. Miles of shops in the business portion of the city were open for business. All the daily newspapers were printed and circulated, hundreds of little ragged boys were running with them through all the principal streets and hotels. Theatres, concert-rooms, and other places of amusement, were in full swing. Processions of the various trades paraded the streets, carrying their flags and other emblems of their crafts, accompanied by numerous bands of music; they were off on board the Michigan steamers to spend the day at some of the little towns on the banks of the lake. Sunday seems to be a great day amongst the city volunteers, as I met corps after corps passing up and down the street, and as each corps had a band of drummers beating marching time in front, the noise was something dreadful. A very pleasing incident occurred to me on this Sunday morning. While looking down the list in the newspapers of the various preachers that were to preach in the different churches, the name of the Rev. Henry Cross, from St. Paul's, State of Minesota, caught my eye, and thinking it was just possible to be the Rev. H. Cross, formerly of Coventry, whom I knew had gone to America some years ago, I at once resolved to go and see if it really was my old friend. I jumped into a *street car*, and after a rather tiresome journey I

reached the church just as the congregation were leaving. I, however, made my way into the Church, and had the pleasure of meeting, face-to-face, the Rev. Henry Cross, formerly of Gosford street Baptist Chapel, Coventry. His home at St. Paul's is about 500 miles from Chicago. He was on his way to spend his summer holidays at New York. As he had many friends in Coventry they will be pleased to learn that he is well, and very much attached to his American home. One of the influential members of the Church invited us both to dine with him, and a very enjoyable afternoon we spent together. I fear, however, that our host would think us rather selfish, as we monopolised the most of the conversation, talking about the old city and its citizens.

I was fortunate in being in Chicago on the occasion of President Hayes' visit to it. During his stay in the city a very large assembly of the Fire Brigade from about fifty different towns and cities were present; each Brigade brought their engines, fire escapes, &c., all very tastefully decorated with flowers and ever-greens, and as many of the engines were drawn by eight horses, and each brigade having its own band, the sight was very imposing. While the procession was in course of formation I went down to the railway station to be present at the reception of President Hayes and some of his Senators, and when the train arrived I was fortunately within a few yards of the President when he alighted from the cars. He

has a very pleasant, open countenance, a fair complexion, and is very gentlemanly in his manner. I was very much surprised at almost the entire absence of anything like enthusiasm on the part of the crowd. I have often seen our Coventry Mayors getting a far warmer reception upon entering a public meeting in St. Mary's Hall than he received in any part of the city. I am informed, however, that this absence of enthusiasm is not because he is at all unpopular, but rather that it is characteristic of the American people. They evidently act up to the saying that they look upon one man as being as good as another. After leaving the station the President and his friends drove in open carriages to the Union Pacific Hotel, and soon after took their position in the procession, which had been in course of formation all the morning. The procession was five miles in length. It took nearly two hours to pass any given place. First came the whole strength of the Chicago police force; the superintendents were well mounted, and splendidly dressed; then followed several regiments of Volunteers, and amongst them one negro regiment. This regiment sadly requires six months' drilling under Adjutant Edwards, so as to put them into soldier-like shape. I was very much struck with the peculiar marching order of the Volunteers; while in the procession they march in fours, extending their front so as to cover the whole width of the street, each *man* carrying his rifle, with bayonet fixed, right

across the back of his neck, all their bayonets pointing to the left, both arms extended to their full length, right and left, along their rifles. It seemed to me a most painful position to be in for two or three hours together with the thermometer registering 96 in the shade, but the effect was most imposing, looking at them advancing as I did from an elevated position. Many of the bands paraded the streets in the evening, all carrying little oil lamps in the front of their shakos, the light from which seemed to be both useful and ornamental, as it supplied them with plenty of light to read their music.

Chicago, like most American cities, can boast of its public parks and gardens; and in this respect it may well be called the garden city of America. I visited several of them in various parts of the city. One of the finest is Lincoln Park, situated on the north side of the city. It has a total area of 310 acres, and has been laid out with great taste. It possesses hill and dale, lakes, fountains, and trees of every size, clothed with foliage of every colour. The lake seems to twine itself out and in all over the park; here and there are some very romantic bridges upon the lake, covered with ivy. There is also a very artistically built boat-house by the side of the lake, where pleasure boats may be hired; and from the number of boats sailing about, it is clear that they are well patronised and much enjoyed. The one side of this park is on the shore of Lake Michigan, along which a

very fine carriage drive has recently been made, which extends for several miles beyond the park boundary, and as it passes quite near to the lake, the drive and the scenery are quite enchanting. Some idea may be obtained of the extent of the parks and gardens from the following figures:—Chicago has a population of 400,000, and the number of acres laid out for pleasure ground for the use of the people, gives one acre to every 180 of the inhabitants; and as about one-half of the population belong to the working class, these privileges are highly appreciated by them. Leaving Chicago for the West, I took the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy line. Passengers going West to Omaha have the choice of three routes, each one going through different tracts of country, so as to meet the requirements of the various districts. I was advised to take the middle route, so as to avoid the yellow fever districts of the South, as thousands were then dying of this awful disease. The trains, too, from the South were crowded with refugees running away from the stricken cities.

The first town I visited after leaving Chicago, was Aurora. This place is very pleasantly situated on the banks of the Fox River, 35 miles from Chicago, and as the land on each side of the river rises with a gentle slope, it gives the town a very picturesque appearance. The houses, which were formerly constructed of wood, are gradually giving way to very noble cream-coloured *brick buildings*. Aurora has a population of over

12,000. It seems to be a very prosperous little town, and has several very important trades in it. All the Pullman cars are built here, and here are many other railway works of great size. After leaving Aurora, I followed the course of the Fox River, and soon found myself in Geneva, Cain County. This certainly is the most charming little town I have ever visited. Here the Fox River is about a quarter of a mile wide, and, as at Aurora, the banks upon each side of the river slope for about a quarter of a mile down to the river's edge, the banks being completely covered with trees of various coloured foliage; while towering above the trees may be seen some very beautiful villas, and as I stand upon the bridge, taking in the whole scene, it looks as perfect a little paradise as it is possible for the eye to gaze upon. I often felt sorry while lingering amongst such scenery, and feeling all the poetic influences such sights called up in my nature, at my utter inability to fully convey to the mind of the reader the beauties of the scene in such language that might, as it were, re-produce a correct picture before the minds of my readers. I hope, however, that they may be able to so draw upon their imagination that they may fully realise the grandeur of the scenery on the banks of the Fox River as seen at Geneva. I was so charmed with the scenery that I made it my home for several days, visiting the various places of interest, and mixing with the villagers in both their joys and their sorrows. One day the village was in

deep mourning, owing to the death and funeral of one of their influential and much-respected citizens ; and as he was a member of the Masonic Order, the brethren assembled from all round the district, all very nicely dressed, with the various emblems of their lodges. I joined the order of procession to the small village burying ground, where the funeral service was conducted very impressively in the little Church, by a minister from Chicago, and afterwards at the side of the grave by several of the members belonging to deceased's lodge. The whole ceremony in the church-yard, with the surrounding beautiful scenery, was mournfully grand. I think the funeral customs quite an improvement upon those of the old country. Although all friends who attend the funeral are respectably dressed, very few wear mourning ; each one dresses just as he pleases. The same applies to those who follow in carriages. Mourning coaches are seldom seen. Their hearses, too, are very pretty ; they do not look so dismal as ours. They are painted in white and gold, and ornamented all round with beautifully carved figures. On each side of the hearse there are plate-glass panels, and inside there is a raised dais for the coffin to rest upon, so that all the passers-by may see the coffin if they feel so disposed.

From Geneva I travelled along the Fox River to St. Charles. This, too, is a very sweet little town, similarly situated to Geneva, on either side of the Fox River. *It has a population of about 2,000. It is far-*

famed for its cheese and butter making establishments (they tell me there is a great deal of Cheshire cheese made here.) I visited several cheese factories, and was very kindly shown the various processes. One of these places make on an average 50 cheeses per day, and 420lbs. of butter. The milk and cream is sent to them fresh from the neighbouring farmers every morning. There are also two or three paper mills for making paper from straw, sent to them from the same persons ; so that the farmers round here form a very prosperous community. This is the little town where Dr. Thomas resided, well-known both in England and Scotland as an eminent writer and lecturer on prophetic literature. I heard him deliver a course of lectures to crowded audiences in Edinburgh during the year 1848. I also heard him lecture in Birmingham a few years ago : but he now rests from his labours in the churchyard of this charming little village. St. Charles is also noted for its mineral springs, which I visited, and drank from the flowing stream ; but with this kind of water my thirst is very soon quenched. I then left St. Charles for Elgin, which is ten miles drive, all the way along the banks of the Fox River ; and the morning being fine, the drive was one of immense pleasure, the river gradually widening in some places to nearly one mile, and as every bend of the river presents a different view, with little islands here and there covered with trees, the whole scene was one of surpassing beauty. As we neared Elgin the land was very



hilly, gradually rising until quite near to the town. Elgin is a very thriving little town, and viewed from the top of the hill, with the Fox River flowing gently through its centre, it looks quite a charming little city. It has several very fine streets, and some very large business establishments. The inhabitants, too, look happy and contented. This place has a very large watch manufactory employing 700 hands, which I also visited. It forms two immense blocks of buildings, one in rear of the other, but connected in the centre, and open at each end. It stands on several acres of land, which is beautifully laid out, and in splendid condition, looking more like the pleasure grounds in front of a nobleman's mansion, than grounds in front of a manufactory. The front entrance to the manufactory is also very spacious, and quite equal to the entrance into a first class American hotel. Being anxious to have a run through an American watch manufactory, I announced myself to the manager, but was doomed to disappointment, as no visitors are now allowed admittance without an order from the President of the Company, who resides in Chicago. I guess, however, that having given my name as belonging to the watch-making city of Coventry, had something to do with my being refused admittance. Not feeling disposed to take all this trouble, I contented myself by having a chat with two or three Coventry workmen I met with at the factory, *and very pleased* they were to see me. I had many

pressing invitations to stay amongst them for a few days. The Coventry men say they are very busy, and are doing very well, but amidst all their prosperity they still retain very warm recollections of their native city, and said how much they would have liked to have returned home with me. It is their opinion, however, that unless Coventry and the other watch-making towns in England bestir themselves by the introduction of machinery, America will very soon run us out of every market in the world. The machine made American watches give general satisfaction, both as to price and quality.

Leaving Elgin, I drove a few miles into the country, and spent a very enjoyable day amongst the farmers, some of whom were friends of my youth in Edinburgh; they are now well-to-do farmers. At one farm they were busy threshing wheat, and getting 50 bushels to the acre. Altogether the farmers all through the State of Illinois present a very pleasing picture of comfort and contentment. They nearly all possess beautiful orchards, and this year there is an abundance of fruit, and being so near to Chicago, they get a ready market for all their produce. I now leave this part of Illinois for Burlington, on the banks of the Mississippi, State of Iowa.

## CHAPTER VII.

---

### LIFE AND SCENERY ON THE WESTERN PRAIRIES.

FROM Elgin I returned to Aurora, and got on board of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincey Railway for the West. This is a very comfortable line to travel upon, as attached to each train are beautiful dining-room cars, where we got our meals with as much regularity and comfort as can be obtained in any first-class hotel, and at no more cost. The tables are of course rather narrow, and you have to guard against your head coming in contact with the person that may be sitting opposite to you. This, with care, is easily avoided, but, altogether, railway travelling in America is made much more comfortable than in the old country, and long journeys are got through with much less fatigue than short ones are with us. In the construction of their cars, too, all the requirements of human nature are amply provided for ; every car has a plentiful supply of ice water, and when passengers get tired of sitting they can have a long stroll from one end of the train to the other, and do a little gossiping here and there as they move about. *I found the Yankees as a rule very sociable, and very*

pleased to talk freely with anyone direct from the mother country. I also observed a good deal of trading being done in the trains, such as in the selling of books and the daily newspapers, also fruits and sweets of every description. I think, however, this trading element is rather overdone, as in a long journey it becomes a bore to be continually asked to buy one thing and another. They have one very good arrangement. While running between stations one of the officials goes through every car and calls out the next station the train will stop at. They are also ahead of us in their arrangement for protecting passengers' luggage. When going by train you give your luggage to the porter ; he gives you a brass check with a number, putting at the same time a corresponding number on your luggage. When this is done you have no need to trouble yourself more about it until you get to the end of your journey, when you present your check and your luggage is at once handed to you. My journey from Aurora to Burlington was one of great interest, as the most of this part of Illinois is under splendid cultivation, and looks as green and fertile as our own Warwickshire, until we get to within fifty miles of the Mississippi river ; it then becomes very swampy and has a very disagreeable smell, which, I suppose, is caused by the excessive heat of this summer, producing decomposition amongst the vegetable matter in the swamps. Further south this smell will be still worse, which, no doubt, will account for the

present virulence of the yellow fever in the southern cities.

My first view of the Mississippi, with the city of Burlington on its western banks, and the broad sweeping river before me as far as the eye can reach is one of majestic grandeur, which has been beautifully described by a Coventry poet, in the following lines :—

Hail ! golden Mississippi—old Missouri's pride !  
 Whose torrents grandly on in triumph ride.  
 Where rocks and mountains raise their giant forms,  
 To seek and hold companionship with storms.  
 Through regions all preserved by Nature's hand—  
 Where science seems intruding her command ;  
 Where man's wild passions Nature mocks in scorn,  
 'Mid frowning mountains into chasms torn.  
 Thou travellest on, omnipotent in force,  
 Nothing so bold as to withstand thy course.  
 Things that repel thee when on havoc bent,  
 Persuasively thou woorest to relent.  
 " Father of Rivers," all must own thy sway—  
 In turbid torrents or in playful spray.  
 Great traveller, ne'er resting on thy road ;  
 Still hurrying on to some far-hence abode :  
 Like life—whose restless pulses ever beat,  
 Till the great rest to come for Time's tired feet.

This river, as its name implies, is the father of all the American rivers, both as to its length and the picturesque scenery along its banks. It travels at the rate of from five to ten miles an hour, has a sweep of *3,267 miles*, and runs through nineteen degrees of

latitude. At its source it has the winter of Norway, while at its mouth it has the winter of Spain. Much of the land along the banks of the Mississippi is under beautiful cultivation, but hundreds of miles still remain in its primitive condition, and there the numerous tribes of uncivilised Indians are still to be met with. I had a long stroll along its banks, and saw many of the pleasure steamers passing up and down, all crowded with pleasure seekers. This, with the surrounding scenery, made a very pleasing picture of life on the great Mississippi river. These steamers are built with nearly flat bottoms, so as to draw little water, owing to the great number of shifting sand banks to be met with in the course of the Mississippi. The railway bridge that carries the train across the river here is a very fine piece of artistic iron work, but it seemed to me far too light for such heavy trains to pass over with safety. The arches of the bridge being very wide the weight of the cars makes them shake and vibrate in a way not at all comfortable to passengers with weak nerves. As we cross this bridge we leave the State of Illinois behind us and soon find ourselves safely landed in the city of Burlington, State of Iowa. Burlington is a very attractive city, with a population of 20,000. I strolled through many of its principal streets. It seems to be quite a commercial city, as I have seldom seen so many lofty wholesale houses in a city of its size. I have no doubt but its prosperity arises from its being such a great

railway centre, together with the wonderful traffic constantly going on along the Mississippi. From Burlington I travelled through the State of Iowa. This state is not so well settled up as Illinois, neither does it look so attractive. After a long tiresome journey I reached Council Bluff, an important military station on the banks of the Missouri River, near to Omaha. Council Bluff is celebrated for being the station where several very important conferences have taken place between the Indians and the representatives of the United States Government, and very much to my surprise and pleasure on landing here I find myself in the midst of a portion of the tribe of the Nez Prees Indians. They seem to be prisoners, as they are guarded by a detachment of United States soldiers, who are well armed with rifles and revolvers in their waistbelts. They certainly are the strangest looking soldiers I have ever met with, they look more like bush-rangers or Italian brigands than military escorts. They were dressed in blue pants, and a kind of slop jacket; broad brimmed straw hats, and their faces seemed to have been strangers to either soap or water for some weeks. The poor uncivilized Indians looked far cleaner than their masters did. The Indians were taking all their goods and chattels with them, consisting chiefly of the skins of wild animals. The skins were all very tastefully stained in very gaudy colours, and many of *them sewn together* to be used for camping purposes

while on the march. The old Indians and their squaws were the most repulsive looking creatures I ever looked upon. The young Indians of both sexes had very nicely moulded features, but they all bore a sad melancholy look. I felt quite sorry for them; they all seemed to feel that they were being forced away from their native homes, and from a roving life they dearly loved, to one they looked upon as slavery. They were being escorted to Kansas. From what I could gather it seems the United States Government have been from time to time so annoyed by these Indians that they have now determined to break up all those tribes by making captives of small numbers at a time, and so force them to begin useful lives of industry, giving them a free grant of land as far as possible removed from their former homes, and otherwise helping them until they are able to do for themselves.

Leaving Council Bluff and the Indians, I got on board the Union Pacific Train, and crossed the Missouri River, and was soon safely landed in Omaha, State of Nebraska. I was very much disappointed with the appearance of the Missouri River here. It is very shallow and full of sand banks, and as these sand banks are continually shifting from one part of the river to another, this gives the water a very muddy appearance. It is about half a mile wide at Omaha. I was also disappointed with Omaha. Having heard and read so much about it, I quite expected to find a very



grand city. The country all round Omaha is very picturesque ; it is of a rolling mountainous character, and a finer situation for a city could hardly have been selected. Omaha seems to have been built without any plan, each one putting down their wooden homestead just where they thought best. I have no doubt but it will ultimately be a fine city. The inhabitants, too, especially those in the districts round Omaha, look rather rough, and I find railway travelling away from these parts attended with considerable risks, as the week I was there two night trains were attacked and robbed by armed robbers, all wearing masks. They jumped on to the train at an out-of-the-way station on the prairies, first securing the officials in charge of the train by making them each stand with their arms straight up, the robbers at the same time holding a loaded revolver close to each of their heads. While this was being done others were robbing the train. In one of the attacks this week it was all accomplished in ten minutes, and the robbers cleared off with five thousand dollars. I must confess that after reading those accounts of these midnight attacks I felt anything but comfortable the night I crossed the prairies. I was, however, very well armed, having both a rifle and a revolver ; but I candidly confess that had we been attacked, I fear that I should have lacked courage to have used either of them. However, all passed off quietly, and very pleased I was at not having *my* courage put to the test. Revolvers seem to be

worn here as an article of dress, just as watches are worn in the old country, and in Omaha revolvers are sold almost in every store, even by bakers and green-grocers. Having met a friend here going West, we agreed to travel together, and to spend a day or two in Omaha. During our stay at Omaha, we visited the Union Pacific Railway Company's works, and having an introduction to the manager, he showed us all over their very extensive premises. We were shown the new and improved process of making railway carriage wheels by what they call the chilling system. This process drives the carbon back, by the application of cold water, while the metal is at red heat right into the wheel, thus causing the outer rim that is most exposed to wear, to be much harder and more durable than wheels cast upon the old plan. Leaving Omaha by an early morning train, we travelled for many miles along the banks of the Missouri River. The land rises considerably on each side of the river, and is covered with bush, and as the morning was fine, the journey was very enjoyable. After two or three hours travelling we reached the junction of the Missouri and Platte Rivers. Leaving the Missouri we travelled for some hours quite near to the banks of the Platte River. This river varies in width from half a mile to four miles, and like the Missouri, it is very shallow and has a sandy bottom, and at many places the sand has formed sand islands in the middle of the river. The muddy appearance of this river to some extent spoils

the poetry of the surrounding scenery, which is very fine, as on one side the banks rise about a hundred feet above the level of the river. The Platte River takes its rise in the rocky mountains ; only forty miles of it is navigable. Our journey through this portion of the Nebraska Prairies was very pleasant ; the land looks all the way very rich and productive. We past many very comfortable looking homesteads, and very thriving little towns, till at last we arrived at Juneatta, the end of our Western Railway travelling. We took a stroll through the little town, purposing resting here for the evening, having arrived late. I, however, made enquiries respecting my brother, who is a farmer, somewhere on the Prairies in this direction, and I was fortunate in finding a man that knew both him and his farm well, and he also agreed to take us across the Prairies to his farm in his two horse buggy. Soon all was in readiness, and we were off ; but being late in the day before we started, we had not got far across the Prairies, before we found ourselves in complete darkness, so dense that we could hardly see the horses. On the Prairies there is scarcely any twilight ; darkness comes upon you almost like pulling down a curtain, and to make matters worse, our driver that knew his track so well, completely lost his reckoning. Here was a nice fix to be in on our first trip on the Prairies. I had often read of persons being lost on the Prairies, but at that time never expected to be in that unfortunate position myself. However, to

be lost on the Prairies on a warm summer evening is but a trifling matter, as compared to being lost during a snow storm, which frequently happens. Luckily for us our driver was quite equal to the occasion. He never lost his self-possession, and made quite light of our position by saying, "We shall be all right presently," but as we were now and again passing through some very ugly creeks, I did not feel quite so much at ease as he did. At one place we descended a creek quite one hundred feet deep. Our horses, however, evidently saw the track, although we could not. My fear was that we might get too near to some of these creeks where they are almost perpendicular, but our cabby told us there was not the slightest danger. I was both surprised and amused at the way he promised he would get us out of our difficulty, viz., that in an hour or two the moon would rise, when he would at once know the position of my brother's farm, as he would find it to the left of where the moon would be first seen. This expression so tickled my fancy that although feeling just a little bit uncomfortable, I could not help laughing at him. However, long before the moon rose, our guide, seeing the streaks of light that usually precede the rising of the moon, soon got us on to the track, and before midnight we reached my brother's farm, but as they knew nothing of our coming, they were all in the land of dreams, until aroused by the barking of the dogs, and the distant noise of ourselves and waggon, so that by the

time we got to the farm my brother was out with a lantern, wondering who or what was the cause of all the row at such an untimely hour of the night. The peculiarity of meeting my brother in this way, after having travelled over five thousand miles to see him, may be more easily imagined than described.

This section of Nebraska is situated about thirty miles from Kansas. It is only about seven years since settlers begun to come to it. Since that time much of the land has been taken up, and here and there some thriving little towns are springing into existence, such as Lincoln, Hastings, Juneatta, and many others, the most important of which I visited upon several occasions during my stay on the Prairies. For the last two or three years the settlers in this part of America have been singularly unfortunate, many of them having been nearly ruined. First they had the awful Prairie fires which played sad havoc, then followed two years in succession of immense clouds of grasshoppers, which destroyed every vestige of vegetation. They have now, however, had two seasons of comparative freedom from these pests, and Prairie life is beginning to look more bright and hopeful, and the emigrants are beginning to come in an almost unbroken stream, so that the following lines will soon be realised :—

I hear the tread of pioneers,  
Of nations yet to be,  
The first low wash of waves where soon  
Shall roll a living sea.

The Prairie land looks very beautiful, it seems both rich and fertile. It is covered with grass from two to three feet high, and in many places the yellow sun flower towers high above the grass, which makes the whole surface of the Prairies look very pretty during the summer months. Farming, at present, in this part of America to persons coming without capital is up-hill, heartless work, and those that do come in that way must be prepared to adopt the old Scotch proverb, by "putting a stout heart to a stie brae" if ever they mean to make a position. Although farming on those Western Prairies has many advantages over that of the East, it has also very many disadvantages, such as the great distance they are from the principal grain markets. This compels them to sell their produce to a few Chicago monopolists, who have agents in the small towns, and who give them just what they like, and as the settlers are at present they cannot help themselves, as they are quite unable to pay the heavy freight charged by the railway companies for sending small quantities of grain to Chicago, whereas the large buyer can send on a train of grain waggons at a time at one half the rate charged upon smaller lots sent on to Chicago. Then there is the difficulty in procuring coal, timber, or water. The only river I have met with in Nebraska is the Platte, which is over a hundred miles from this section of the state, and to get water, which they must use for all purposes, they have to dig wells nearly one

hundred feet deep. The most of the wells are of a very primitive kind—they have a rope with pulley and two buckets, the one bucket going down empty while the other comes up full. To amuse myself, and to pass away the time, I often drew the water in the morning for the cattle to drink ; there was a novelty about it that rather took my fancy. For firewood they depend upon their supply from the creeks. This was another source of pastime. I, upon several occasions, shouldered my axe and went off to the creeks for a supply of firewood before the dinner could be cooked. Up till very recently you might have travelled for hundreds of miles across the Prairies without seeing a tree, excepting the little ones that grow in the creeks ; and during the intense heat of last summer, and the almost entire absence of trees, lakes, and rivers, life on the Prairies was scarcely endurable, there being nothing whatever to cool the temperature, and the breeze that sometimes sweeps across the land, is as hot as if it had come out of a funnel. The one great advantage in farming on the Prairies is that the land requires no clearing, it only waits the action of the plough to turn over the maiden sod, which, however, requires to lay for a season to thoroughly rot before the land is quite ready. This is a point that should be clearly understood by persons thinking about settling on the Prairies. I know that the emigrant agents—*also the books they circulate*—say most positively *that a crop can be taken off the first season.* This is

a deception that has caused untold misery amongst many of the emigrants of small means, who landed upon these farms with this idea. They sometimes sow Indian brush corn between the sods, but it comes up so wide apart that they look more like fields of miniature Church steeples than anything else. To a farmer coming here with sufficient capital, and taking up two or three hundred acres of land, if he stock his farm and well fence it, in two or three years he will have a farm in splendid condition. The land can be had upon very easy terms. Eighty acres is given free for a homestead on conditions that you live upon it and break up ten acres during the first five years. Another eighty-acre claim is sold to you for about ten shillings per acre, on condition that ten acres are planted with trees within the first seven years. Failing to comply with these terms the land is taken from you, and given someone else. The buyers of this claim are allowed five years' time to pay for it, but the Government charge five per cent. for this accommodation. To young men accustomed to agricultural employment, and whose only capital is their bone and muscle, if they will make up their minds for hard work, and to put up with all manner and kind of privations for the first five or ten years, they cannot fail obtaining such an independent position that they could never hope to reach at the end of a long life as a labourer in the old country, but unless they are prepared to abandon all the comforts of life as I have just des-



cribed, my advice to them is to stay at home.

Life amongst the old settlers on these Western Prairies is of a very primitive character. It was to me both novel and highly amusing. I was pleased to find such a wonderfully kind neighbourly feeling amongst them, each one being both anxious and willing to oblige the other. They seem almost to treat each other's homes as common property. If I describe my first Sunday on the Prairies it will partly illustrate Prairie life. In this district they have a little wooden Church, in which they meet every other Sunday for worship. It is built on the top of a bluff, or hill, about three miles drive from where I was located. A few days before my visit a very severe storm swept across the Prairies, and a Prairie storm is something terrific, so strong was it on this occasion that it rolled this little Church right down the bluff into the creek. The settlers, however, hearing of the mishap to their Church, assembled from all round, and after a good deal of trouble it was safely secured in its old position not much the worse. This is the little church I was about to visit. It being Sunday morning, and time for starting, the waggon, which was drawn by two strong horses, was brought to the door. I joined my brother and his family, in all eight persons, and the weather being excessively hot we went without our coats, this being a common practice during the summer months. No notice is taken of it, each one *looking upon it* as a free country, they make their own

fashion just to suit their own circumstances and taste. After a long, uncomfortable drive, crossing several creeks, and enduring a good deal of jolting and bumping, we reach the church, fastened the horses to a post, and all went in. The congregation was very small, but very earnest in their devotion. After the singing and prayer, the minister began feeling in his pockets for his Bible, and much to his annoyance he discovered he had forgotten to bring it. Rather a strange position for a minister to find himself in, and unfortunately his congregation seemed to have left theirs at home too, as none of them offered to help him out of the difficulty. He, however, delivered a very good sermon, and all went off better than I expected, the whole service only lasting one hour. We then re-mounted our waggon, and drove a few more miles across the Prairies, to make a friendly call upon an old settler; stabled our horses, and without further ceremony all went in and had dinner with the farmer and his family. This I thought rather cool, as they had no knowledge whatever of our coming. I soon learned that this is a regular custom amongst them. And they really take such visits more as a compliment than otherwise, and certainly their kindness fully bore out this impression.

Another Sunday we drove about twelve miles across the Prairies to call upon an old settler on the Red Cloud track. As we started in the cool of the morn-

ing, the drive and scenery was most enjoyable. We made several calls on the way. Some of the farms as we neared the State of Kansas looked very comfortable, belonging, I suppose, to some of the older settlers, who have passed through the early trials of prairie farming, and are now enjoying comparative comfort. They are able to work their farms with all the modern appliances, even to the drawing of water, and instead of the rope and bucket they have it pumped up by very neat little wind mills, which are both useful and ornamental. We also passed another little Church similar to the one just described. The congregation had just been dismissed, the various buggys were being filled with the settlers and their families. Many of the *horses* in the waggon *are mares* with foals, which have come to Church with the other members of the family, and to see them as they scamper after their mothers made the whole scene about as pretty a picture of Sunday morning primitive prairie life, as it were possible to be imagined. The settler we have purposely taken this journey to see is by birth an American. As we near his farm I learn some little of his history. He farms 600 acres of land, hence I expected to find him quite the squire of this portion of the Prairies, but to my surprise as we neared his homestead we met him strolling about without either shoes, stockings, vest, or coat, being so oppressed by the heat, he, Yankee like, dressing as *pleases himself*. He gave us a very cordial reception,

stabled and fed our horses, and soon after we joined him and his family at dinner. He explained to me how he got possession of his 600 acres of land. He was a soldier for two or three years during the civil war, for that the Government gave him 160 acres. He married a soldier's widow, her first husband being originally from Nottingham, England. She claimed and received her late husband's 160 acres, and the remaining acres he obtained in the ordinary way, as homestead and free planting claims, which made him up 600 acres of freehold rich prairie land. With much pride he showed us all his live stock, his young horses were perfect beauties. Altogether we spent a very agreeable day with the Yankee farmer and his family on the far western prairies. In travelling across those prairies I often met with great van loads of land explorers. These men will be travelling for weeks together in search of suitable farms. Some come from the eastern portion of the Nebraska state, others from Iowa, and Illinois, and as there is no hotel accommodation on the praries, they have to rough it. They each take with them a blanket, and when the shades of evening close over them, they make for the nearest settlers farm they can find, when by an understood custom, they are permitted to make a bed of the softest board they can find on the floor, and it is very seldom they are sent away in the morning without having first partaken of a good substantial breakfast. The night before we visited the Yankee

farmer, he lodged and breakfasted fourteen land explorers. We met them on the prairies when we were within two miles of the Yankee's farm, and from their happy countenances it was clearly seen that they had been sent away in good spirits. Our drive home across the prairies in the cool of the afternoon was both pleasant and interesting, as we made many calls at the various settlers homes by the way, and as they all seem well known to each other we were very kindly received. I was also much delighted with seeing the beauties of the sun setting on the Prairies, just as we were nearing the end of our day's journey. It was almost equal to the sunset I witnessed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Another very interesting sight may be here named. On the Prairies, after dark, is to be seen an innumerable number of fireflies. They present the appearance of a wave of phosphoric light moving over the land, and while the sight is pleasing to the eye they are decidedly preferable as companions, to the mosquitos, which, as I can bear testimony, are exceedingly troublesome. There is a good story told by the settlers of two Irishmen, who on trying to woo sleep on the prairie at night, were sadly troubled by these insects. They tried a variety of means to defend themselves from their attacks, but without success, when one advised his companion to cover over his head with his blanket. This was done, and, after a while, one of the two suggested *that perhaps* the mosquitos were gone, upon which

---

the other, poking his head from under his blanket, exclaimed, "Gone, no, by jabbers, there are thousands of them, and they have all got their lamps lighted"—referring, of course, to the light emitted by these fireflies, which this son of Erin had mistaken for his dreaded enemies the mosquitos. Short as my stay was upon the Western Prairies I got mixed up in some very exciting incidents. I think I have previously informed my readers that owing to the scarcity of timber on the Nebraska plains very few of the farms are fenced off. Here horses and cattle are all fastened to long ropes while out grazing. One morning having arranged for a drive across the Prairies two young horses were brought in from their grazing, and just as we were about to put on their harness, they both scampered off, crossed the creek, up the steep bank, and across the plains as fast as their legs could carry them. In a few minutes they were miles away from us, and as the day was one of intense heat our position was far from being enviable; however, as quick as possible, my brother and myself got mounted upon two very fast horses, and very soon got on their track, and after a long tiresome gallop we came up with them, and in a short time succeeded in driving one of them into an old hovel, which had once been the home of a settler. Here we secured one and haltered it, and at once started for home, the other runaway horse following us all the way back to the farm, where it was easily caught, but with the heat

and the long gallop I was quite exhausted, and instead of going our drive had to rest the remainder of the day.

On another occasion a young man drove up to my Prairie home, having heard of my arrival, and much to my surprise he was from Kent, and many years ago had been in my employment, but has now a large farm in this section of Nebraska, and as he had brought his waggon, drawn by two of the finest mules I ever saw, I went with him for a drive, and to otherwise spend the day. We started off across the Prairies to Hastings, but waggon driving across those rough prairies I found to be a very painful operation, and on this occasion particularly so. Just as we were spinning along the Kansas track our mules took fright at the approach of some emigrant waggons, and off they went, flying at almost lightning speed across the plains, and through the creeks, and over some rather rickety bridges, I every moment expecting we should get thrown out. With a desperate effort, however, we all managed to keep our seats, and after a run of about five miles our driver succeeded in getting them completely under control, but I must confess to being more frightened during this run than I was during the disaster on board of the *Sardinian*. In the Western States of America mules are nearly as numerous as horses, and they are almost as large, very few of them being under fifteen hands. The most of the street cars in Chicago are run by mules, and they are found for

that heavy work more enduring than horses. Many of the young settlers here work their farms with oxen, but they are very slow workers. I went behind a team for a while one day for amusement, but they soon exhausted my stock of patience. Young horses are to be bought very cheap here. I was riding across the Prairies one day when I came up with two Texas horse dealers. They were driving before them a very numerous herd of young horses, and having a desire for a little horsey information, I soon introduced myself, and as they thought I might be a purchaser, they were very willing to give the information desired. They were very handsome young horses. Their prices averaged from six to twelve pounds each. These Texas dealers are smart fellows; they are wonderfully clever with the use of the lasso, which they have hung by their side, and whatever horse a buyer desires to look at he immediately throws his lasso either over its neck, or, should it be in the rear of the drove, they can lasso them by their hind leg while they are galloping, and immediately the horse wanted is lassoed and it has run to the length of the rope, the horse ridden by the dealer is so well trained that it at once stops and sets itself with such stubbornness that it at once brings the caught horse to a stand; the one end of the lasso is made fast to a knob on the Texas saddle, which is made for this purpose. To a European these Texas saddles look very strange—their stirrup-irons are all made of wood, about two inches broad, and



being covered with leather reaching up as high as the knee of the rider he appears to be riding in high-legged boots. I, however, found them very stiff and uncomfortable to ride upon ; they protect the legs very well when riding through the bush. These Texas dealers were fierce-looking fellows. They carry a brace of revolvers stuck in a leather belt round their waist. This belt is full of tubes, and every tube contains a cartridge, so that they are well protected against the Indians or others who may attempt robbing them. I am pleased to find this part of the Prairies to be very free of robbers. Two or three years ago the settlers were often robbed by the Indians. Now, however, they can go to bed during the summer evenings leaving all their doors and windows wide open ; my only annoyance in doing this was having to get up once or twice in the night to turn ducks, fowls, pigeons, &c., out of my bed-room, not being able to sleep for their cackling noise. Another feature of Prairie life that interested me much was the continuous line of emigrants travelling in waggons across the Prairies to Kansas, many of them from the old country, others from the adjoining States, such as Illinois and Iowa. These emigrants, both young and old, are all huddled together in these waggons, and all looking as dirty and miserable as it is possible for poor creatures to look. And this is not to be wondered at, as many of them have been travelling like this for weeks together. They tell the following story

about those removing from the neighbouring States, but it looks rather too much of the Yankee for me. However, you shall have it as told to me. The emigrants that move from one state to another frequently bring a portion of their live stock with them, such as cats, dogs, fowls, &c., and so accustomed do the fowls become in travelling through the day with their legs tied, and being set loose in the evenings to pick about the Prairies, that in the morning when they see the preparations for starting they run towards the waggon and lie down on their backs to have their legs tied for the day's journey.

It is quite a sight to see the emigrants in early morning along the track where they have been camping for the night, as many of them bring cooking stoves, which were in full blast cooking the morning meal. The children were scampering about quite happy and free from care, while in the features of their parents may be observed a sad look of sorrow and wretchedness. During my stay on the Prairies I went out on several shooting excursions. The Prairie hens and other wild birds are very plentiful, and as there is neither game laws nor fences, good shots can get good sport. Although I enjoyed the sport very well I made but very little impression upon the birds. I certainly made the feathers fly, but unfortunately the birds went with their feathers. On these shooting rambles I often passed the skeletons of the buffalo. A few years ago great herds of them used to pass

along, but none have been seen for the last five years. I left the Prairies, returning to Canada, only slightly varying my homeward journey by running through a portion of the State of Missouri, staying a short time at Plattsburgh, where the train was taken across the Missouri River on a railway boat, landing us in the State of Iowa, when after a run of nearly 2,000 miles I reached the city of Ottawa.



## CHAPTER VIII.

---

### A VISIT TO OTTAWA AND THE SCENERY ON THE OTTAWA RIVER.

I REACHED Ottawa by the new line recently opened, called the Quebec and Occidental. It runs for many miles through a very rough country. Near to the banks of the Ottawa River the ground is covered with bush and trees of small growth. In many places the trees and bush have been burnt down to the roots, which gives the country a very desolate appearance. This railway was being worked under very peculiar circumstances, as every station is at present guarded by a detachment of soldiers, owing to a dispute between the contractor and the Canadian Government. The case was then before the Law Courts, and in the meantime the Government have taken possession of the line by force. A day or two before I travelled upon this line the soldiers at one of the stations received information about a large bear having been seen in the bush, quite near to them. They at once left the station to look after itself, and all ran into the woods, where after two or three hours beating the bush Bruin was discovered,

and after a very exciting chase, he was brought to grief by a well-aimed shot from one of their rifles. The result of the hunt proved highly satisfactory to the volunteers, as the animal weighed 400lbs., and was sold for a good price to a Montreal butcher. I learned that these bears are still very troublesome to the farmers round this neighbourhood, as they make sad havoc amongst their stock. I found travelling upon this line attended by other dangers quite as troublesome as the fear of encountering wild bears. The following startling incident is an instance. We had been travelling for some time through a very dense forest, within 30 miles of Ottawa. Darkness was fast closing upon us, and the cars were lighted up, when in a moment a missile of some sort was sent through the car window just behind me. A lady sitting by the window just escaped with a few slight cuts from the broken glass. It caused quite a scene all over the train, and as no stone could be found, the general opinion was that it must have been a bullet. At the spot where it occurred a man was seen galloping away on horseback. We pulled the rope to stop the train, which brought the guard, but he refused to go back, as by this time the guilty person had had plenty of time to make good his escape. It was thought by many on the train that it was an attempt to damage the passenger traffic, owing to the unhappy feud that then existed between the contractors and the *Canadian Government*. Passengers going to Ottawa

by this line are landed at Hull, a small town about two miles from the city. Street cars meet every train, which carried us to Ottawa. This town is beautifully situated on the high banks of the Ottawa river. It may be said to lie between two waterfalls. The upper one, the Chaudrie Fall, is formed by the confluence of a small river with the larger one and the lower one. They call it the lower one, it being at the foot of the hill, although it is in reality higher up the Ottawa river. Next to the Falls of Niagara the Chaudrie Falls are the finest I have seen in any part of America. They are divided into two streams, thus forming an island in the centre. Near the Falls there is a very fine suspension bridge, where the Falls are seen to great advantage. I took up my position on this bridge, and although I got well bathed in the spray, the scene before me was one of great beauty. I also wandered round by the timber yard, and got on to a rock that overhung the Falls. From this point they looked to me fearfully grand. I also visited the Rideau Falls. They, too, are well worth seeing, although not so imposing as the Falls of Chaudrie. They are situated just outside the lower part of the city, near to New Edinburgh. From their position they are seen to best advantage at sunset. The scenery all along the banks of the Ottawa river below the Falls is very picturesque, and all who visit Ottawa should not fail to visit Rideau Falls. The city of Ottawa is very wisely laid out ; the streets, without exception, are of

immense width. It is, however, at present in a very unfinished condition, but I feel convinced that it will be the Canadian city of the future. Already it possesses some very fine public buildings, such as the Town Hall, the Post Office, and the Parliament buildings, which are built in the Gothic style of architecture, having a total frontage of 1,200 feet. They form a line in one of the principal streets right in the centre of the city, and are built upon a high rock looking immediately down upon the river. Although they stand so high they are almost level with the town. The rock at the back of the buildings falls almost precipitously down to the water, and is covered with trees and shrubs right down to the river. For a long distance roads have been cut out of the rocks which lead down to the river, and as they are called lovers' walks, I have no doubt that during the summer evenings they are much frequented. The grounds that surround the Parliament Buildings are beautifully laid out, and kept in splendid order, and like all public property, both in Canada and in the United States of America, the grounds are always open to the public, which must be a great treat to the inhabitants of large cities.

During my visit to Ottawa I was introduced to the Right Honourable A. Mackenzie, the then Premier of Canada. He gave me a very cordial reception, and a very lengthened interview, considering the many calls *he has upon his time* ; and truly may he be called the

Gladstone of Canada; his whole life and character, whether socially or politically, is worthy of the highest praise, and although the cloud of protection was hanging over him at the time of my visit, he spoke of it lightly as a cloud (or craze) that time would very soon evaporate into bright sunshine. I could see, however, that he felt a deep sorrow for the great protection wave that was then sweeping over the length and breadth of Canadian soil. No man knows better than he does what Free Trade has done for England, as well as for Canada. Before leaving Ottawa he sent to me at my hotel a very valuable parcel of books as a present; he also sent one of his assistants to show me all over the Parliament Buildings, beginning at the Library, which is a round handsome building only connected with the Parliament block by a corridor. The inside of this building, which is very spacious, is filled with beautifully bound books from floor to ceiling, and as they are arranged with much taste, the effect is very pleasing. In the centre of the floor stands a very fine white marble statue of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The fittings of this library are the most elaborate I have ever met with; the wood carving all round the room would compare very favourably with the most perfect wood carving of the ancients. From the library we passed along the corridor to the Senators' Hall (their House of Lords.) From here we went into their Supreme Court, passed along another long corridor, the walls of which are covered



with life-sized paintings of all the speakers that have held that position since the Canadian Parliament was first called into existence. No expense seems to have been spared either in furnishing or decorating, and the comfort of the representatives has been in every way carefully studied. The people of Ottawa were in high glee at the near approach of the Marquis of Lorne and his Royal lady, and I feel sure they will receive a right royal reception. The principal trade in Ottawa is in timber. I think it may be said to be the largest timber market in the world. They float the timber on rafts down the rivers from the interior of Canada, many of these rafts having floated down the tributary rivers from seven to ten hundred miles before they reach the Ottawa river. From the Ottawa they are floated down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. It was quite an interesting sight to watch these rafts descending the rapids ; they have to be divided into small portions, which go down separately, and when they again reach the smooth water they are linked together. The men that guide these rafts have little huts built upon them for sleeping in and taking their meals, as they live upon them for weeks together. I left Ottawa by the Victoria steamer, for Granville. The scenery along the banks of the river loses much of its beauty by the great number of saw mills that extend along the banks for miles. After about ten miles sailing we got clear of the mills, and went steaming along amongst the *most lovely scenery* imaginable. Our steamer was

crowded with passengers, all on their way to Lachine, to be present at the great National Boat Race between Hanlon (the Canadian) and Courtney (the American.) We all dined together on board, and as all were bent on pleasure, the trip was one both of pleasure and excitement. We passed many very pretty little towns, mostly built of wood, very much after the style of the Swiss villages. We also passed some noble-looking mansions, with beautiful lawns in front, quite near to the river. One was pointed out to me as that of the late Mr. Papineau, a Frenchman, who was Premier of Canada during the years 1837 and 1838. He it was who was blamed for having excited the people to rebellion during his term of office. Arriving at Granville, we had to land and take the railway cars for twelve miles, as the river for this distance is not navigable, owing to the numerous rapids. The train landed us at Carillion, a little town on the banks of the Ottawa River. Here another steamer was waiting to take passengers on to Montreal, but having been advised to visit the rapids at West Point, I broke my journey here. At Carillion I made the acquaintance of a very fine old gentleman, a retired merchant, from Piccadilly, London. What a change of life and scenery this must be for him! He lives upon the summit of a high mountain, which commands one of the finest views of land and river scenery that for beauty and picturesqueness can hardly be equalled. He purchased the estate he lives upon about ten years

ago, and shortly after left London to spend the remainder of his days there. He received me very kindly, and we spent a happy hour together, and, after enjoying his hospitality, I took my leave of him and Carillion, crossed the Ottawa river, which is about a half mile wide, and landed at Point Fortune, a small village running along the banks of the Ottawa, in the province of Quebec. From here I travelled for a considerable distance by the side of the river. The land on the opposite side rises to a considerable height, and is covered with trees of immense size, and as the leaves have now assumed their bright autumn colours, the scene is most enjoyable. Long before I saw the rapids, I heard their roaring, rushing noise. Soon, however, I was standing on the bank quite near to them, and very fine they looked. But I had not been long seated on the banks, when the weather, which had been for weeks most delightful, gave way, and one of the most awful thunder storms commenced, bringing down a perfect deluge of rain. I beat a hasty retreat to a very comfortable looking farm house, and although an entire stranger, I soon found myself at home, as the farmer and his family were from the Highlands of Scotland. They seemed as pleased to give me shelter as I was to receive it, and in less than an hour I found myself doing ample justice at the dinner table with the farmer and his family, and at the same time the chat, jokes and stories of the old country, were growing both fast and

furious, and pleased I was that "my lines had fallen in such pleasant places." Later on in the afternoon, the weather having cleared up, the farmer put his horse in the carriage to take me a round of visits. I must go and see his brother James, also William at the mill, and his sister that is married to Mr. So-and-so, from London, and as there was two or three miles driving between each of the calls, we did not get back till near midnight, but I must say that I look back upon that night as one of the happiest I spent during my long journey.

I was very much surprised while having tea at one of the farm-houses meeting with a very fine looking young man, who seemed by his conversation and bearing to be a thorough gentleman, and yet he was doing the most menial work about the farm. Upon enquiry I learned he was the son of a nobleman in the neighbourhood of London, England, who had sent him out here about six years ago on the pretence of learning farming, but the real cause of his banishment from home was that he was found to be weak in his brain power, and is here simply to be out of the way, which I consider *rather too bad*. If this principle was to be very generally acted upon amongst the aristocratic circles, I imagine there would be a dreadful run of emigration for the next few years.

## CHAPTER IX.

---

### A VISIT TO THE IROQUOIS INDIANS OF CAUGHNAWAGA, ON THE BANKS OF LAKE ST. LOUIS.

I LEFT Point Fortune the following afternoon by steamer to Lachine. The weather now being fine, the scenery and the sailing was most delightful. We called at St. Andrew's, Como, and St. Ann's. It was on this part of the river the Canadian boat song was composed, "Row, brothers, row." The stream runs fast, and the far-famed rapids are within a hundred yards of St. Ann's, and to avoid them they have constructed a short length of canal, which we sailed down, and again got into the Ottawa. Here the river takes the form of an immense bay, finely wooded, which gives it a very pretty appearance. We also sailed through the Lake of the Two Mountains, at which point the river is sixteen miles wide. Soon after leaving this lake we reached the point at which the Ottawa river meets the river St. Lawrence. We also visited Oka, situated in the Indian village of the Two Mountains. This village is inhabited by the remnants of two tribes—of the Iroquois and *Algonquins Indians*. They are mostly Wesleyans, a small

number only being Catholics. During the last few years, Oka has made itself very notorious, owing to a very hostile feeling that exists between the Wesleyans and the Catholics. Both of their churches have recently been destroyed by fire, the ruins of which I saw, and each section of religionists blame the other for this wilful destruction, but although the case was tried in the Montreal Law Courts they each failed in bringing guilt home to the other. The cause of the quarrel arose from a legal action now pending between the Oka Wesleyan Indians and the Catholic Priests. The Indians claimed as their property land extending along the banks of the river there for about twenty miles by fifteen. The Catholic Priests assert their right to the same property, which claim they say was given to their predecessors by the French Government, during the early history of Canada. It is thought the case will ultimately be decided in the London High Courts. From Ottawa river we sailed along the St. Lawrence to another Indian village on the opposite side of the river, called Caughnawaga. The Indians in this village are nearly all Catholics. They form another remnant of the Iroquois Indians numbering about one thousand, and seven chiefs. The day of my visit to Caughnawaga being one of their holidays, I saw them at their best. The men are very tall, thin, and wiry looking, which no doubt accounts for their wonderful success as la-crosse players, this being the Canadian national summer game, as cricket

is in England. These Indians go from city to city playing against the various clubs, and with wonderful success. What a change in the character and lives of the Iroquois Indians of the present as compared with that of their predecessors towards the end of the 17th century, when two or three hundred of them sailed down Lake St. Louis and landed on the island of Montreal in the dead of night, murdering the French inhabitants and burning down their houses over a district of many miles, and then crossing the St. Lawrence to an opposite shore, where their descendants now form a very peaceful, loyal people. The little Indian village presented a very lively aspect, as their holiday had brought quite a host of excursionists from Montreal and other districts round this part of Canada. I was fortunate in meeting with a small party of very intimate friends, who had come for a day's pic-nicing amongst the Indians. As we all strolled through the village we saw some very pleasing sights. The Iroquois Indians as a race seem to preserve their true Indian caste. I noticed it more particularly amongst the squaws and their children. Owing to the holiday they are mostly sitting out in front of their huts, watching the crowds of excursionists as they pass along. I went into two or three of their homes, and was pleased to meet with a very welcome reception; they were quite proud in having their children taken notice of by us. Both their homes and their children *were wonderfully clean and neat.* One hut we went

into the baby, only a few weeks old, was dressed in a long white robe, and was fast asleep, fastened upon a board which stood on its end in one corner of the room, and judging from the chubby, healthy appearance of the little Indian, it seemed to be thriving well with this (to me) novel kind of nursing. Leaving here we went in search of a cool, shady place for our pic-nic ; but the day being one of intense heat a cool place could not be found. While we were all squatting on the grass enjoying our lunch we were surprised at being visited by one of the Indian squaws. She had just left her home to go into the village, and, seeing us in the distance, came and offered us the key of her house to go in and finish our refreshments—an act of Indian confidence I shall ever remember, I hope, with gratitude. Social life and habits in these Indian villages is now but little different from that of either the French or English villages in Canada, the Indians having for generations past taken leave of most of their uncivilized customs. The Caughnawaga squaws get their living by making up fancy bead work, which they sell in Montreal and other places. This is one custom of the uncivilized Indians the male portion of them seem rather loath to part with—they still look to their wives to find the needful for housekeeping. From Caughnawaga we took steamer across Lake St. Louis, afterwards calling at Lachine, a very pleasantly-situated village on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Lachine is a



popular resort for the citizens of Montreal during the summer months. All along the front of the river there are many very neat cottages, erected for the accommodation of visitors, and in the lower part of the village there are several very fine churches, the spires of which are covered with white tin, and in the bright sunshine the effect is very fine. This being the week of the great national boat race (before mentioned), which is to take place on the St. Lawrence, in front of Lachine, crowds were fast assembling from all parts of Canada and the United States, making the village look quite gay. Passengers coming this way by the lake steamers, to save time, generally land at Lachine, and proceed to Montreal by rail. Having heard so much about sailing down the Lachine Rapids, I agreed with my friends to run down them in the steamer, *Victoria*, which was piloted by the well-known and long-experienced Indian pilot, Batiste Canadian. He looked a sharp, shrewd fellow. He has piloted these passenger steamers down the Lachine Rapids (which are the most dangerous on all the American rivers) for many years, and the vessels have to be guided down between the sunken rocks to very little more than one inch, and only once has there been an accident. I must confess to feeling some considerable amount of uneasiness when we were nearing those rapids and heard the distant roaring noise. I began to wish I had gone by rail, but being only in *the country as a visitor* I could not resist the temp-

tation of running them. The surging waters present all the angry appearance of the ocean in a storm. When we got within ten minutes sailing of the rapids the engine was stopped and we were carried along with great speed down the hill between the rocks, the boat all the while straining, pitching, and tossing. The passengers were perfectly silent, they one and all looked as if they were holding their breath to be ready for a long heave when they were out of danger. The sensation produced in my mind as the vessel plunged into the broken and raging waters I shall long remember, and I must say I felt very pleased when we reached the smooth water. We soon recovered our former buoyant spirits, and felt pleased at having passed safely through those dangerous rapids. The scenery along the banks of the St. Lawrence from the Rapids to Montreal is both beautiful and full of historical interest. The river is in some places several miles wide, and in the distance we were shown some very pretty little French villages, such as Laprarie, which is nine miles from Montreal on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence, also St. Lambert and Longueuil, and as we neared the landing-stage we sailed quite near to the beautiful St. Helen's Island, which I have visited on several occasions. This island is situated just opposite Montreal, and can be reached in about twenty minutes' sailing; it has been an important military station for the last 200 years; and is well fortified. The barracks are now occupied by a

company of the Dominion artillery. During the summer the various Volunteer regiments go into camp on the island. It is a great resort for the Montreal people, as pic-nic parties may be seen in almost every nook and corner in the island, which is beautifully shaded with trees. There is also hotel accommodation, and no end of amusement for children and others, such as merry-go-rounds, donkey riding, shooting galleries, &c. Occasionally there are large political gatherings. I attended a French political gathering one day soon after the downfall of the Mackenzie Parliament. This meeting was one of rejoicing over their recent victory. The French Conservative M.P.'s mustered strong and made some fiery speeches, but being all delivered in French their sentiments were lost upon me, but as it was the first French political gathering I had ever attended, I was highly amused with the speakers' enthusiastic gesticulations. After the speeches were concluded, the people dispersed over the island, and spent the rest of the day in amusement, such as dancing, and other gymnastics. St. Helen's Island will be about one mile in length by half a mile in width. At all hours of the day at Montreal numerous family groups may be seen wending their way towards the ferry steamer, all carrying baskets of provisions, as they are off to spend the day upon the island ; and a more pleasant place for a day's outing so near to a crowded city is rarely to be met with.

Landing at Montreal I booked for the lower town-

ship of Canada by the Grand Trunk Line, passing through St. John's, Province of Quebec, a very thriving little town. From here we soon got into a very rough country, which for many miles is covered with bush, and here I had for 30 miles the most disagreeable railway ride I every experienced, as upon each side of the line the bush had been set on fire, whether purposely or by accident I do not know, but for about three hours we were driving through blazing bush and smoke, which at times was almost suffocating, and as the fire was close to the line the heat was almost unbearable. Arriving at the pretty village of Sweetsburgh, I purposed putting up for a few days. It is quite a village, with about three hundred inhabitants, but a most lovely spot. It is beautifully situated upon the side of a high mountain, round the base of which is a very fine river. This is the most English-looking river I have met with in America—something like the Avon. The lakes and rivers are all so large in this country, it seemed quite a treat to meet one of ordinary size. I made my home at one of the hotels, where I met with a few friends from Montreal, and as they were here for a few days ruralizing I was quite at home amongst them. I was very soon introduced to all the leading swells of the village—thanks to the game at croquette. The village green is the great croquette ground there, and the ladies and gentlemen are most enthusiastic players. Sweetsburgh being the county town, the prisoners are all tried there.

I was taken through their gaol, which contained only three prisoners. Two were hotelkeepers, for selling intoxicating liquors, the sale of which is strictly prohibited in this county, the same law being in operation as in the State of Maine. I visited several forests in this neighbourhood, where the trees are principally those of sugar maple. These trees are tapped every year, and a tube inserted, when there is an immediate flow of sweet liquid. All through the forests little huts are to be seen, which contain a furnace and boiler. The liquid immediately it is taken from the tree goes through a process of boiling, and afterwards it is cooled in tins and brought home in the form of hard cakes ; in this way it may be kept for years. It is in every day use in the lower township, just as we use ordinary sugar. From Sweetsburgh I visited Knowlton, another very pretty village of about 600 inhabitants, situated on the margin of Broom Lake, not far from Lake Magog. Knowlton has a very fine commodious home for immigrant children sent out from England, mostly girls ; they are kept here to go through a long process of domestic training to fit them for servants. In the lower township, where I understand they are eagerly sought after, they, with but few exceptions turn out well. After spending a few hours strolling round Broom Lake I returned to Sweetsburgh, spent a Sunday amongst the villagers, and again returned to *Montreal*, highly pleased with my visit to the lower townships of Canada.

## CHAPTER X.

---

### CANADA.

I SHALL now make a few general remarks respecting the immense resources of this great country, more especially in reference to Canada. I do not think the people in the old country fully grasp its magnitude; many in England look upon Canada as being smaller than the United States, but it really is far larger. The Prairie land alone, west of the great lakes, extends for 900 miles by 300; then there are hundreds of miles of forest land, both north and west; and between the Rocky Mountains and the Lake of the Woods there is another stretch of land, extending 1000 miles by 500, and at the present time there is not more than 20,000 settlers and 30,000 Indians upon all this land. This part of the country is also very rich in both coal and iron. There are coal fields as large as the whole of the British Isles put together. The Canadian territory altogether amounts to between three and four million square miles, and at the present time the population of Canada is not more than one person to each mile; so that Canada has a great future in store for it. It

is, however, calculated that it will take Canada 4,000 years before she can have a population in proportion to that of the old country. Railways, too, are being very rapidly developed all over the Dominions. Before long they expect to have a line stretching 2,600 miles, from east to west. I was very much pleased while in Canada to learn how friendly the Indian tribes are with the Canadians. This, I believe, arises principally from the straightforward treatment they meet with in all their dealings from the Dominion Government. Whatever land the Canadian Authorities acquire from the Indians is fairly bargained for, and the principal and interest paid to their chiefs annually. Thus, by fair dealing and kind treatment, our Canadian settlers can live alongside of these uncivilized tribes without the slightest fear. What a different relation is found at the present time existing between the Indians on the American side and the United States Government, where they are hunted and shot down like wild beasts. On the part of this Government there is no recognition of Indian rights to their land, whereas this right is frankly admitted by the Canadian Government. Canada has undoubtedly a great future in store for her, if she will only continue to develop her resources with as much energy and determination as she has done during the last thirty years. In that time the Canadians have expended the *sum of £10,000,000* on improving their navigable *waters*, connecting thus the great Lakes with each

other, with the waters of the St. Lawrence, and so with the water highway of the whole world.

It is also pleasing to notice that although so much has been done, and is now being done, for developing the resources of Canada, the social condition of the people has not been overlooked. Perhaps the most important social movement is their system of free education. Their ordinary day schools look more like Universities than schools for teaching children the rudiments of education. In the Province of Ontario there are over 5,000 schools at which every child may obtain a free education, and from these schools successful students may go to the Toronto University, which is a great national establishment, amply endowed for giving free education to every one who enters it, no matter what his religious creed may be. I also noticed in Canada that they are not in any way troubled with the religious difficulty as we are in England. This pleasing state of things, I have no doubt, is one of the fruits of the absence of a State Church. Wherever the inhabitants of any township, or parish, profess a religious faith different from that of the majority of the inhabitants, they are allowed to establish schools of their own faith, and the trustees of such schools, by making proper application to the School Commissioners, at once receive a fair share from the general funds. This seems to me only a fair arrangement in a new country, composed as Canada is of people from all parts of the globe, and



professing every variety of creeds. In most of the corporated towns there are school-boards (or trustees as they are called there), whose duty it is to see to the efficiency of the schoolmasters that have been appointed, by having the children periodically examined. The funds provided by the Government for educational purposes are, I understand, mostly derived from the revenue of large grants of land which were given up by the Government for that purpose, as far back as the year 1850. One million acres of land were then set apart for the support of this fund, and many other tracts have since been appropriated for the same laudable purpose, and I have no doubt but the Government find it to be one of their best investments.

In one of my former Chapters I referred to the prospects and difficulties that must be expected by emigrants going to settle upon farms on the Western Prairies. I will now venture a few words respecting Canada. First, then, as to the climate. I was travelling about Canada, more or less, in their spring, summer, and autumn. The cold season was just commencing when I left for England, so that I cannot from my own experience say much about the severity of their winters. But no one that I met with, either in country village, or city, but what seemed to look forward to winter life with a considerable amount of pleasure. They all say that, notwithstanding the *winters* are severe, (though not unpleasant) and that

although the snow stops field operations for several months, farmers with a fair share of industry and moderate capital, after roughing it for a few years, are almost sure to do well. I myself met with numerous cases of this kind throughout Canada. Men that left the old country, many of them having landed in Canada with very little capital, that are now in comparative independence, with large freehold farms to leave to their children. Emigrants going to eastern Canada now with a little capital have many advantages that were not enjoyed by the early settlers, (viz.,) that of being able to purchase half-cleared farms, averaging in price from two to ten pounds per acre. The uncleared portion of these farms are generally covered with timber, the value of which is equal to the cost of cutting it down, and otherwise preparing the land for cultivating. At the time of my visit to Canada the tide of emigration was running almost entirely towards Manitoba. The Government are offering every inducement they can in order to get that portion of Canada settled up. Both the land and the climate are highly spoken of, I did not, however, travel in that direction, so cannot speak from personal observation.

Another aspect in social life in Canada is the wonderful amount of vitality to be observed in their town and village life. In England we are quite accustomed to seeing both towns and villages in a state of dreamy languid existence. Some of us who

are now getting ripe in years can think of many small towns and villages, in our own immediate neighbourhood, where we used to ramble in our boyish days, and as we visited them after a half century has run its course, we find them just as we first saw them—the population at a complete standstill ; a few tradesmen and shopkeepers dragging out a miserable existence, with the help, perhaps, of the parson and the village squire ; and thus, while these are surrounded with a host of poor labourers still more depressed, as many of them live their whole lives just bordering upon pauperism, anything in the shape of an independent sentiment is rarely to be met with, nor can it be expected under such circumstances, as there is really no scope for it, their greatest puzzle is what to do with their grown up children. Now this is the class *above all others* that ought to seek for new homes in the back woods of Canada, and on the far outstretched plains of Manitoba, where they will soon waken up to a new life of real vitality, as their life of toil will have within it almost the sure and certain hope of securing a freehold farm of their own before many years have passed, if they are only plodding and industrious. It is wonderful to see how speedily great forests are cut down, the land cleared, and homesteads built ; villages, too, soon spring into existence, with all the necessary institutions. These villages soon become towns, afterwards large cities, and this is done during the life-time of one generation.

Take Toronto for an example, in 1801 it had a population of only 350 persons, now it has somewhere about 110,000, and at the time of my visit magnificent buildings were being erected in every direction in the city.

Before concluding my American rambles I must not omit saying something special about hotel life in America. I have upon several occasions referred to them, but they demand something more than a passing notice. In America it is quite an institution, and forms a strange contrast to English hotel life. There they have a far wider bearing upon social life than in England. Hotel life in England, except to commercial men, is of a very solitary description. Ordinary customers have breakfast and dinner alone, the rule being that it is not considered practicable for strangers to sit at the same table. The bed-rooms in the English hotels are generally of a very dingy character. Then there is the nuisance of seeing all the servants, from the boots to the chamber-maid. Hotels in America are both larger and more numerous than in England. They are to be found in all towns and villages. The rule in England is for the hotel to be built after the village or town has assumed such proportions as it would be likely to pay, but in America it is no uncommon thing for the hotel to precede the village. I have often seen an hotel five storeys high standing almost isolated, and have wondered wherever they got their support from. They seem to know from past

experience that the hotel itself will create a population as the railways do. In England the rule is for the railways to run to towns, but in America the towns run to the railways. The United States Government frequently give to railway companies a free grant of land to induce them to lay down a line through the centre of the land given to them. It is then called railway land, which the company sell cheap, so as to draw a population along the track of their new line. It is quite a common practice in America for young folks to get married and at once commence their house-keeping in an hotel, and I am not surprised at this, they seem to be such an unsettled people; men there are not fixed in their employment as they are with us. Perhaps a young married man is trying to get along as a lawyer in the State of New York but has failed, he goes away into one of the Western States, and the next time we hear of him he is doing splendidly as a shoemaker in Chicago. One day while I was strolling through Juanita, Nebraska, a rough-looking man was pointed out to me as Judge so-and-so, who two or three years ago was working on a coal wharf; so that so long as the Americans continue such a migratory people hotel life of a social character must be a necessity, and for young folks to invest in furniture under such circumstances would simply be burdening themselves with "a white elephant." It seems to be *the custom here* for young folks to get married without any means to provide furniture even if they had

the desire for going into private life, and again, hotel life seems quite to their taste. This surprised me much, as anything more unlike the comforts of domestic life can hardly be imagined. To a young married woman such a life I should have thought exceedingly forlorn. During my travels through America I have lived in some of their finest hotels, some of which had as many as a thousand beds, many of them furnished most elegantly, and with an eye to comfort in every way. I have also lived in the humble settler's huts on the Western Prairies, and I must confess that I would prefer domestic life in the emigrant's hut, with all its inconveniences, to living a married life in their fine hotels. The Palmer House Hotel in Chicago is one of the finest in the city. The entrance hall is nearly as large as the floor of our Corn Exchange. We will fancy ourselves just landed in Chicago, and are about to enter this hotel. The porters take charge of our luggage; we walk through the entrance hall to the clerk's office, register our name in the book, receive the keys of our rooms with the number attached; from the office we are shown into a small but beautifully-furnished room on our left, where we find a negro attendant. He pulls a cord, and almost instantaneously the room ascends and you find yourself upon the third or fourth flat, as may be required. From here the chamber maid escorts us to our bedroom, which is usually furnished to answer for either bedroom or sitting-room, and as a rule they are very

comfortable. So accustomed did I become to going from one hotel to another that I have often gone through all these formalities just described without having exchanged a word with any one of the attendants. The servants at the American hotels do not pay their customers much deference; they are civil and respectful, but nothing more. This difference of demeanour between the English and American hotel servants I think may be accounted for by the almost entire absence of receiving or even expecting gratuities from their visitors. The entrance halls to these hotels are very busy places, as shops of nearly every description of goods are in full swing, all belonging to the hotel. Resident merchants meet their customers in the hall, making it more like an Exchange than a private entrance to an hotel. The average cost of living in these hotels is about two and a half dollars a day—this includes everything—and for that price they do you well. There seems to be no limit to the number of meals. No sooner is one meal over than there is another being prepared. The servants in the hotels in the little towns on the Prairies were even more independent than in the great cities. As for expecting them to brush your boots this is quite out of the question; they will coolly hand you the brushes for you to do it yourself. It is said of Abraham Lincoln that he was upon one occasion waited upon while staying at one of these down West hotels. A gentleman called *to take him out somewhere*. Abraham said, “Just

wait a minute till I give my boots a brush." The stranger, in his astonishment, said, "What! you don't brush your own boots?" Abraham, being equal to the occasion, replied, "*Of course*; whose else would I brush if I did not brush my own?"

I now booked myself for England, going by way of Quebec by the night train, got on board of the s.s. *Sardinian*, belonging to the Allan Line of Steamers, and, strange as it may appear, the same ship I sailed with from Liverpool six months ago, and which took fire by an explosion and was scuttled, and sunk in Lough Foyle on the second day after leaving Liverpool. She is one of the largest and finest ships on the Allan Line, and to see her now no one could believe she had been sunk a few months ago. We had on board about fifty cabin passengers, and with us Andrew Allan, one of the owners of the ships, and his family, so we expected a smooth and safe passage. As we sailed down the St. Lawrence we passed quite near to her Majesty's ship, *Bellerophon*. The Admiral having some friends on board of our ship has ordered his band upon deck, and as we neared her they struck up with much spirit that well-known tune, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," a compliment we replied to by giving them three rounds of good English cheering. We reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and got into the Atlantic Ocean two days after leaving Quebec, and as there was a very rough sea running I was soon compelled to go below to my berth. The gale



kept on more or less during the whole of our passage. I was sick nearly all the time. Great waves were every now and again sweeping over our decks with such fury that made it quite impossible for the passengers to go upon deck. We, however, weathered the storm, and reached Liverpool in safety after a passage of ten days.

I have now finished one of the most interesting trips I have ever had. I have seen many strange places and faces, and in all my journeyings I have met with unbounded hospitality. In no part of America did I meet with the slightest indication of unkindly feeling amongst the people against those of the Mother Country, indeed, quite the reverse. For myself I shall ever remember them with feelings of the highest respect.

THE END.













